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RECENTLY the veteran sportswriter, Tom O'Reilly, wrote a column for his paper, the *Morning Telegraph*, the well-known racing daily. It said so simply what we like to think about SI that we sent it to a number of our friends. I am passing it on to you in the hope that you may enjoy one sportswriter's reaction to this sports magazine as much as they told us they did. This is what O'Reilly wrote:



MORNING TELEGRAPH'S
TOM O'REILLY

"If you fool around with sports, plumbing, banking or any other business, if something comes along making a big splash in your racket, you can't ignore it. You've got to say 'hello.' Today I'd like to say 'hello' to a magazine. It's called SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. If you are a guy who likes sports, this sheet is for you. . . .

"It has class, information and a sense of humor. So far it has been doing a magnificent job, covering sports in a clear way that anybody could understand, whether or not you are an aficionado.

"This magazine has an appeal to every guy who ever took a swing at an out-curve and then grew up and got too fat to hit any more. The man's name is 'legion.' The paper has great writers like Gerry Holland, Paul Gallico, William Faulkner, etc., etc. Rending them, we can dream of our youth again. How we hit a ball for two sewers with a broomstick and tackled the big guy, around the ankles, one yard from the goal.

"So, since sportswriters are supposed to make predictions and take their chances, I will gladly make this one: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is the best darned publication (excepting of course the *Morning Telegraph*) covering the field of sports."

* * *

As most racing fans know, Nashua meets Swaps in the race of the year at Washington Park, Chicago, August 31. And perhaps the *Morning Telegraph* and Tom O'Reilly can now feel more than ever that they picked a winner in SI, which played a leading role in making the race a reality. This will be a great news story for SI, for sportswriters in general, and for the world of the *Morning Telegraph* in particular.

Harry Reel

4 SCOREBOARD

22 THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

44 COMING EVENTS

8 EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

46 FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

48 THE 19TH HOLE

42 PAT ON THE BACK

An SI Special

12 BEN HOGAN'S SECRET

The master of modern golf has finally explained how he met and solved the golfing crisis of his life—a violent hook. HERBERT WARREN WIND comments on the secret with diagrams.

33 SPECTACLE: THE GOLD CUP

The world's fastest speedboat race is staged IN COLOR by RUT GLICK, and the builder of the fastest sailboats, Ted Jones, is caught in a word picture by EIRA BOWEN and ROBERT SCHULMAN.

26 THE DOG AND THE KIT BOAT

Life is grim for Neptune, the Chesapeake retriever, the day the kit boat arrives, but writer RICHARD AUSTIN SMITH sees it through and things end merrily in this dog-and-kite tale.

30 BALL TEAM ON THE ROAD

The camera of MARK KAUFFMAN follows the Cincinnati Reds on a 28-day road trip, peering behind the glamour of the ball park.

38 QUEEN OF THE SALMON RIVERS

Cosmopolitan and Novelist WALLACE STEGNER visits Norway's beautiful and exclusive Lofoten, where the salmon and sea trout have gorged on flies for over 100 years.

48 THE LONGBOW IS BACK

Archery is enjoying a 25th century boom. Four million Americans, reports REGINALD WELLS, are pulling the longbow, from "piveters" to big-game hunters.

52 ARE WE LOSING THE OLYMPIC IDEAL?

DR. CHARLES A. BUCHER, NYU professor, thinks we are and offers five principles for reviving the spirit of the games. With four pages of Russian poetry and insignia IN COLOR.

THE DEPARTMENTS:

6 **Hotbox:** JIMMY JEMAL asks big-league stars: Who's the toughest pitcher you ever faced?

42 **Column of the Week:** H. G. SALLINGER of the Detroit News warns those who would build a modern race track. It takes money.

45 **Inside Baseball:** PAUL RICHARDS discusses the pitchers. Manipulate your staff right and you win pennants.

43 **Tennis:** WILLIAM F. TALBERT sizes the Davis Cup picture. Both sides are hurt and nobody takes anything for granted.

44 **Motor Sports:** JOHN BENTLEY becomes first journalist to road-test the D-type works Jaguar. Conclusion: It's dynamite.

45 **Tip from the Top:** JACKSON BRADLEY of Houston's River Oaks Country Club says while it will relax you.

42 **Yesterday:** WALT SIBLEY recalls that the good old summertime wasn't always a glass of lemon phosphate.



COVER: ANN MARSTON

Photograph by John Zimmerman

Sixteen-year-old Ann Marston, who won the National Women's Free Style Archery championship last week, is an old hand at winning competitions (she has held at least one national archery title every year for five years). When she was 10½ months old Ann won a baby contest held on the surprising criteria of looks and build. The ensuing 16 years have admirably borne out the judges' early hopes and predictions. So much so, in fact, that Ann has now set her sights for Hollywood and a dramatic career. But her first love, she confesses, is archery—just as it is for the millions of other U.S. bowmen about whom SI reports in an article on page 48.

Archery sports on page 48

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

IS PROSPERITY MAKING THE U.S. A NATION OF SOFTIES?

The full story of the report which shocked President Eisenhower and the nation's leading sports figures: the physical deterioration of U.S. youth. By Herbert H. Boyls

A GOLDEN YEAR OF SPORT

For SI's first anniversary, an 18-page supplement including eight pages in color, an anthology of memorable moments and a review of the year by Gerald Holland

PLUS: ANOTHER REPORT FROM HAPPY KNOLL BY J. P. MARQUAND

RECORD BREAKERS

● **Chris Chataway**, chunky, easygoing Englishman, took over lead with half-mile to go, roared to new world record of 13:33.2 for three miles, regained what he once held, at London.

● **Sándor Izsák**, slender 25-year-old Hungarian, outdistanced teammate István Raczvári in thrilling 1,500-meter race, was clocked in 3:48.8 for new world standard, his third in three months, at Helsinki. **Izsák's** next goal: **John Landy's** mile record of 3:58.

● **Adios Harry**, signed with two head poles (to prevent him from bearing in on turns, out on stretch) and expertly guided by substitute driver **Morris MacDonald**,

stepped off world-record time of 3:04.2/5 for mile and half, gained easy victory in \$25,000 Nassau Pace at Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, N.Y. (see page 27).

● **Flavian, Hasty House Farm's** 5-year-old, with veteran **Johnny Adams** up, trailed briefly in early stages, then outstripped field by three lengths to set new American grass course mark of 1:54 4/5 for mile and three sixteenths in steeple (\$161,666) Arlington Handicap at Arlington Park, Ill.

● **Leslie de Nijis**, 16-year-old Dutch geld, charmed 1,000 viewers in 30:46.5, established new world swimming standard at Utrecht, The Netherlands.

GOLF

Doug Ford, swarthy, unsmiling shot-maker from Klamath Lake, N.Y., who took medal honors with 135, refused to bow to pressure, came from behind to beat wilted **Cary Middlemiss** 4 and 3 in 90-degree heat, won PGA title and \$5,250 on his first try at Detroit.

Henry Hansen, Texas rancher, finished in four-way tie with PGA champion **Doug Ford**, **Jackson Bradley** of Houston, Tex., and **Jack Burke** of Klamath Lake, N.Y., dropped 12-foot putt for birdie on first hole in sudden death playoff to edge rivals in Rubber City Open at Akron, Ohio.

Beverly Hansen of Indio, Calif., who recently won Ladies PGA, trailed by two strokes going into final nine holes, fired 32 to finish with 230, one stroke ahead of steady **Jackie Pang** of Honolulu in Battle Creek (Mich.) open.

BASEBALL

Chicago White Sox took over first place in tight American League race, led faltering New York and challenging **Cleveland** by full game and surging **Boston** by three, but learned it would have to get along without **Pitcher Dick Donovan** (13-4), out for four weeks after appendectomy. **Chicago** bowed to **Yankees** versus **Twins** **Byrne** 1-6, came back to take next two 7-4, 3-2 on pitching of **Harry Byrd** and **Rookie Connie Johnson**. Next stop was **Washington** where pennant-hungry **White Sox** made it 12 in row over **Senators** before losing to **Bob Fotherfield** 1-6, bounced back to win Sunday double-header 3-1, 6-5 on **Jack Harshbarger's** 11-inning 3-bitter.

New York Yankees, badly in need of sound pitching and consistent hitting, sent aging nothing-ball pitcher **Eddie Lopat** to **Baltimore**, brought up fast-balling **Don Lussen** (who promptly beat **Kansas City** 5-2) from **Denver**, but could only split four games with **Athletics**. **Cleveland** dropped 6-4 to **Boston** before taking third game 9-4 on two-run homer by **Al Rosen**, then knocked over last-place **Baltimore** three out of four as **Rookie Herb Score** hurled one-hit shutout. **Art Houtteman** starred triple play, won 6-6.

Boston continued to threaten leaders with two wins over **Cleveland**, three over **Detroit**. **Red Sox** got long-distance hitting from veteran **Tex Williams**, who hit four home runs (including grand-slam against **Tigers**). Catcher **Sammy White** and Outfielder **Jimmy Piersall**, top-notch pitching from **Frank Sullivan**, **Tom Brewer** and **Willard Nixon**.

New York Giants, 17 1/2 games out of first place in National League and still unable

to approach 1955 pennant-winning form despite current home-run slugging of **Willie Mays** (he has 33) and pitching of **Jim Hearn**, began house cleaning, sold **Sal Maglie**, once team's clutch pitcher, to **Cleveland** for \$25,000.

Brooklyn's bulky **Don Newcombe**, major's winningest pitcher, brought his record to 18-1 with 4-2 win over **Cincinnati**, 11-2 triumph over **St. Louis**, helped front-running **Dodgers** win five out of six, hold comfortable 18 1/2-game lead over second-place **Milwaukee**. **Braves** also began streaking, doubled **Philadelphia** three straight, ran string to six with two victories over **Giants** but then bowed 7-3.

Smoky Burgess, able **Cincinnati** catcher, had big day against cellar-dwelling **Pittsburgh**, batted in nine runs for three homers and single as **Redlegs** took four in row from **Pirates**, moved within 1 1/2 game of sixth-place **St. Louis**. **Philadelphia** ran into trouble against **Milwaukee**, lost three straight, divided four games with **Chicago Cubs**, managed to stay in fourth place but trailed **Dodgers** by 20 games.

BOXING

Willie Pastrano, agile, fast-moving young (19) **New Orleans** light heavyweight, outboxed and outmaneuvered slow-moving **Chuck Spelber**, scored frequently with stinging left jab to take 10-round decision at **Chicago**.

Gene (Cyclone) Fullmer, aggressive middleweight puncher, bleeding from cut under left eye, pounded away at **Del Farnago's** middle, accumulated enough points to win 10-rounder at **Battle, Mont.**

SWIMMING

Marilyn Bell, honey-haired, blue-eyed 17-year-old Toronto schoolgirl, plunged into icy English Channel at **Cap Gris Nez**, stroked her way through choppy water and adverse tides for 14 hrs. 35 min., stumbled ashore at **Warren**, near **Dover**, to become youngest to conquer Channel.

Affredo Casarero, lanky **Argentinian**, successfully battled rough waves from **Capri** to **Naples**, covered 19 nautical miles in record-breaking 8:45.40 to win world long-distance championship, predicted he would "win the English Channel next."

Roberto Maddalena, 14-year-old **Argentine** schoolboy, literally smeared with lanolin, swam 83 miles down **Mississippi River** from **St. Louis** to **St. Genevieve, Mo.** in 16:29.

SAILING

Robert L. Hall's 55-foot cutter **Nimrod V** trailed **Lee Loomis Jr.'s** scratch boat **Good**

News across finish line but used hand-cup to post 81:57.35 corrected time, took first place in 420-mile **Mount Desert** race from **New London, Conn.** to **Marblehead, Mass.**

Glory Sea II, **Jim Carlin's** 50-foot **Class D** sloop out of **Detroit**, conquered damaging winds that knocked out 26 of 68 competing boats to win 240-mile **Port Huron** to **Marquette** Island yacht race with 38:08.48 corrected time.

AUTO RACING

Tim Flock, hard-driving racer from **Atlanta**, finished first in **NASCAR** 100-mile at **Syracuse, N.Y.**, used helicopter and plane to rush to **San Mateo, Calif.**, where next day he drove his 1955 **Chrysler** 399 to victory in 250-mile race in 3:22.4.

TENNIS

Eddie Maylan of **Trenton, N.J.** won **Meadow Club** Invitation at **Southampton, N.Y.** for second straight year when hard-hitting **Tony Trabert**, suffering from stabbing back pains, defaulted in fifth set after splitting first four. **Trabert** also withdrew from **Eastern grass courts** at **Orange, N.J.**, hoped to be ready for **Davis Cup** defense later in month.

Australia's Ken Rosewall, **Low Bowd** and **Nex Hartwig** rushed past **Canada** 5-0 in **American Zone Davis Cup** final, qualified to meet **Japan** in first **Interzone** final this weekend at **Glen Cove, N.Y.** Italy's **Franco Gardini** upset **Sweden's Sven Davidson** and little **Glasgower Merie** whipped **Leannet Bergelin**, set pace for 4-1 victory in **European Zone final**.

ROWING

Jack Kelly, smooth-stroking U.S. champion, easily outdistanced **Detroit's Pat Costello** by five lengths to capture silver sculls, became first six-time winner of event in **Royal Canadian Henley Regatta** at **Port Dalrouse, Ont.** **Buffalo Westsides** upset **Philadelphia Vipers** in senior eight but team title went to **St. Catharines Rowing Club** of **Ontario** with 315 1/2 points.

HORSE RACING

Arab Actress, Mrs. **Henry J. Damon's** 5-year-old chestnut mare, stormed out of pack at head of stretch under prodding of jockey **William McKinley Cook**, outraced **Clear Dawn** by length to win \$66,175 **Arlington Matron** at **Arlington Park, Ill.**, paid off happy betters at 33 to 1.

Sawings, **Montpelier Farm's** moody but game colt, battled it out with hard-riding **Traffic Judge** in thrilling stretch

JIMMY JEMAIL'S HOTBOX



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Questions:

Who
is or
was the
hardest pitcher
for you
to hit?

JOE DIMAGGIO



Former Center Fielder
N.Y. Yankees

"Mel Harder. He had one of the best curve balls I've ever seen and was particularly tough on right-handed hitters like me. All he had to do was put his glove on and I was through. He's now doing a wonderful job teaching other kids that wonderful curve of his and how to use their hands."

HANK SAUER



Outfielder
Chicago Cubs

"Robin Roberts. He has terrific speed and great control, which is most apt to stop me. He hardly ever gives me, or anyone else, a favorite pitch to hit. He's so tough that I'm particularly proud of the two homers I hit off him last year when he beat us three times and lost only once."

EDDIE MATHWE



Third Baseman
Milwaukee Braves

"Any pitcher is tough to hit at a given time, but Curt Simmons, the Phillies' great left-hander, has given me the most trouble. He

is deceptive because of his unusual delivery and his variety of pitches. His sharp breaking curve and his fast ball are hard to match in either league."

GUS ZERNIAL



Outfielder
Kansas City Athletics

"Bob Lemon gives me the most trouble hitting the long ball. In all the times he has pitched to me in the last seven years, I've

gotten just one home run. What's he got? A head, a heart and a variety of pitches. He keeps the ball where I can't pull it. My long drives generally go to center field."

STAN MENDAL



First Baseman
St. Louis Cardinals

"Kenny Ruffenberger. He had pin-point control and never gave me a good ball to hit. The ball always looked bigger when he was pitching and I'd go for the long ball instead of to the opposite field. Just as I'd swing, the ball seemed to do something and I seldom hit it solidly."

MILLIE WAYS



Center Fielder
N.Y. Giants

"Two pitchers in the National League usually have me baffled—Robin Roberts of the Phillies and Bob Rush of the Cubs. They're

been tough ever since I got into the big time. I wish I knew why. Then I'd know my weak points. I don't know what my average is against them, but brother, it's low."

RICKET WARTLE



Center Fielder
N.Y. Yankees

"Minnie, they're all tough, particularly in a tight spot. But the toughest of them all are those great Cleveland pitchers, Lemon,

Wynn and Garcia. They're rough because they have every pitch a batter needs and the experience that goes with it. They won the pennant for Cleveland last year."

AL ROSEN



Third Baseman
Cleveland Indians

"Frank Sullivan, the big right-hander, is the toughest of all. Sully has a terrific pitching motion which helps keep the batter off balance. In addition, he has excellent control, a variety of good pitches, and real pitching savvy for a youngster who hasn't been in the big leagues too long."



Former Outfielder
Philadelphia Athletics

"Early in my career, they were all tough. Later on a high school pitcher could give me trouble. But the pitcher who gave me the most trouble was Johnny Allen, with the Yankees and the Indians. He threw hard and with a side arm. He was particularly tough with men on bases."

YRIS SPEAKER



Former Outfielder and Manager
Red Sox and Indians

"Doc White, a very clever left-hander who pitched for the Chicago White Sox. He knew just where to place his infielders and outfielders so they would look like 'ten pins' when I came to bat. I often hit the ball right on the line, but usually right at one of his fielders."

TED KLUSZEWSKI



First Baseman
Cincinnati Redlegs

"Howie Folet of the Chicago Cubs. He is a tantalizing pitcher. He throws with different speeds and has great control. My timing is off when he's on the mound. Sure, I get a hit off him now and then, but they are dinky hits that fall just beyond the infielders, not solid smashes."

NEXT WEEK:

A SPECIAL JIMMY JEMAIL SURVEY:

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER, AT AN EXTRAORDINARY LUNCHEON RECENTLY, EXPRESSED HIS CONCERN ABOUT THE LACK OF PARTICIPATION IN SPORTS BY AMERICAN YOUTH. NOW WOULD YOU REMEDY THIS?

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SPALDING
SETS THE PACE IN SPORTS

EVENTS &
DISCOVERIES

The struggle at the summit • Some private pursuits •
Baker on a bicycle • A resignation in New Orleans •
Commissioner's survey • The incredible Mr. Ihara

WEEK OF INDECISION

AS NEWS STORIES rained on the Meeting at the Summit last week, readers began to discover another meeting on another summit where the Big Four had been replaced by the Big Five. There were no Eisenhowers, Bulgars, Edens or Faures in the cast, but the names involved were, to many Americans, even more familiar: White Sox, Yankees, Indians, Red Sox and Tigers. Geneva had given way to the American League, which was having its hottest pennant race in 15 years.

The standings and events in no way reflected the preseason odds (Cleveland even money, New York 6-5, Chicago 5-3, Boston and Detroit 20-1). In one seven-day period the lead changed three times, and no one was ready to predict what would happen in the next seven days—or by then which of the five teams would be ahead. It was as close as that. No less an authority than Casey Stengel believed that any team which could win right in a row could start printing up World Series tickets. "But nobody can do it," the grizzled Yankee manager growled. "The rest of 'em won't let you."

Perhaps nowhere was the electrical excitement of the pennant fight more evident than in the air which surrounded Manager Slaty Marion of the White Sox. As his team rolled into New York to win two out of three from the Yankees and—for the second time in a week—take over first place by a

decimal, the quiet man of the White Sox argued every questionable play with the umpires, moved around the dugout like a caged panther and held court in his dressing room offices before an unending stream of newsmen, photographers and radio people.

"I guess this sudden popularity goes with first place," Marion grinned. "It's kind of unnerving—but I hope it lasts all summer."

NOTES IN MIDSUMMER

THE AMERICAN LEAGUE race has entered a period of crisis whose outcome no man can foresee, and properly

enough the attention of the U.S. is concentrated on baseball. Yet here and there are absorbed individuals, many thousands of them, who continue in their own unique sporting ventures, untroubled by the lack of public interest in their victories or defeats. Near Los Angeles some of these dedicated souls are flocking to a newly opened, drive-in, do-it-yourself rodeo, where, for \$3, they can try to rope a steer. In Madrid, an enterprising innkeeper has opened a bullring for tourists; for \$17.50 a visitor can fight an inexperienced animal and for \$12.50 one that continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

Sal Maglie and Ed Lopat, for years the glitching royalty of the Giants and Yankees respectively, were sold off on the eve of the August 1 trading deadline as a penalty for their disappointing 1955 performances—Maglie to the Cleveland Indians for a rumored \$25,000, Lopat to the tail-end Baltimore Orioles for \$10,000, while the Yankees' two currently useless bonus players remained sitting on the bench (SL, Aug. 1).

Italy's Davis Cup team proved itself the hottest tennis combination in Europe by upsetting the Swedes 4-1, thus qualifying to meet Australia at the Germaniawerks Cricket Club, August 22. The scintillating Italians, after clinching their victory over Sweden, jumped full-tilt into the nearest swimming pool.

Leonson Bebel, a baker from Brittany whose cycling feats have made him France's greatest sports hero, won his third straight Tour de France, a 23-day cross-country

cycling marathon through Belgium, Switzerland and France.

Chris Chataway, having abandoned his role as commentator for others, peeled another three seconds off the three mile record with a 13:23.2 performance for which he kept his place secret, suddenly explaining later that premeditated world-record attempts are "out of fashion these days" with British track authorities.

Deag Ford, one of golfing's up-and-coming Young Guard, took a convincing 4 and 3 decision from Middle Guard Cary Midgloff to win the P.O.A. championship.

RE Sherwood, an unemployed stevedock who has been earning \$25 a day from a group of Milwaukee merchants for sitting on a barrel until the Braves win seven straight games, continued his work when the N.Y. Giants ended a six-game Braves winning streak, 7-3.

continued from page 9

has been in the ring before. In Portland, Ore., boys and girls 9 to 13 are playing daily matches of bicycle polo.

The bear hunting season for archers opened in California's Los Angeles County. Up in Humboldt County there is no closed season and no limit; a hunter can bring in all the bears he wants, provided he will use bow and arrow alone and will not take firearms into the woods with him.

The International Junior Champion Chess Tournament was under way in Antwerp, for contestants under 21, with the Russian contender, Boris Spassky, hard pressed by Edmar Mednis of The Bronx, 17. Mednis paid his own fare, aided by friends who scraped together \$369, which left him \$15 for expenses. Two great roller-skating tournaments were rolling in Toledo, Ohio and Mineola, Long Island. Fishing boats were setting out each day for the bluefish run off the Jersey coast, and feelings ran so high that the captain of the *Ebène II* was charged with having fired a 20-gauge shotgun across the bows of the *Hemlock III*, the *Swordfish* and the *Seaspray*, to warn them of his bluefish chumming grounds. The Campbell's Soup people began to promote in sporting circles a drink called soup on the rocks, consisting of beef bouillon poured over ice cubes, and garlished with lemon peel, mint or cucumber. In the San Juan Islands of the Pacific Northwest farmers hunted the five-pound rabbits that have become a pest—two men ride in stripped-down jalopies over the trackless fields at night, one operating a searchlight, the other a salmou net affixed to an eight-foot pole—a game expected to bring in 10,000 live, edible rabbits this summer. It's valuable also, since some naturalists solemnly affirm that the San Juan rabbits are so big and multiply so fast that they could destroy American agriculture if they ever reached the mainland. In Cedar Rapids, Iowa kids who read 10 library books get free ball game tickets.

And in France authorities worried because an old-time flyer named Jean Salis (he was the first man to fly over Mont Blanc) has built a replica of the plane in which Blériot first crossed the Channel, and has just duplicated Blériot's flight. The authorities worried because another replica has been built, and they foresee a vogue for old planes like that for old automobiles.

It would be foolhardy, of course, to argue that all this is sport—an

foolhardy as hunting bears with bow and arrow. Nevertheless, the picture that emerges from these thousands of miscellaneous, obscure, overlooked and often primitive pleasures has connotations of interest, sometimes of excitement and, above all, the essential ingredient of sport—enjoyment.

"BO-BET! BO-BET! BO-BET!"

JULY IN THE MONTH when Frenchmen almost forget their preoccupation with art, cuisine, political philosophy and other aspects of France's civilizing mission to the world in favor of a compelling domestic absorption in a bicycle race: the Tour de France. From Le Havre, where the race started on July 7, to Paris, where it ended on Saturday, at least 20 million Frenchmen have lined the roads to watch and cheer.

This year the crowds chanted "Bobet! Bobet! Bobet!" for their favorite—Louis Bobet, a 30-year-old former baker from Brittany trying for his third successive victory, something never achieved in the 43-year-old history of the race. A good-looking, soft-spoken fellow, Bobet found himself besieged by admirers at every pause, every overnight halt.

When the first lap ended in Dieppe Bobet collapsed in a hotel room, fed up with reporters, sick of cheers and suffering with saddle blisters. He groaned, "I'll never win this race." On the third day out, in something of a temper, he stepped up his leg drive and won the 190-mile lap between Roubaix and Namur. Now it is one of the canons of the Tour de France that leading cyclists should be allowed to shine

while pumping through their own native regions, and by canon and geography the third lap should have been won by the Belgian sprinter, Jean Brankart.

The Belgians and other traditionalists were furious with Bobet.

As the cyclists aged 2,700 miles into Alsace-Lorraine and Switzerland, over the Alps and along the Riviera, Bobet had to watch his pedals. "He's alone against 125 opponents!" one paper told a paup'rist France. "He sees enemies everywhere!"

In the foothills of the Pyrenees, between Toulouse and Saint-Gaudens, where the road climbs 3,000 feet in 10 miles, Bobet covered the route in only



a minute and a half less than it took the celebrated Alpine specialist, Charly Gaul of Luxembourg. That put Bobet in first place, gave him the right to don the leading cyclist's traditional yellow jersey and make it obligatory for him to recite again the names of the sponsors backing the Bobet entry: he confessed that he drank Perrier water, preferred Suez aperitifs, slept on Simmons mattresses, used Hutchinson tires and recommended brillancine for unruly hair. Then, five minutes in the lead, he sailed from Bordeaux across the rolling countryside, triumphantly first, into Paris, reaching the capital's Parc des Princes Stadium four minutes and 53 seconds ahead of Brankart.

"That's the last Tour for me," Bobet said. "I can't go on breathing polluted air."

Then he went off for a week of sprinting exhibitions.

THE BLAISE SPUTTERS OUT

BLAISE D'ANTROFF, the millionaire New Orleans promoter, has quit the boxing business. Quit. Just like that, last Friday night. He said he was shocked by the insuence connecting him with racketeers. There will be a couple of scheduled fights; then he will fold up Louisiana Boxing Enterprises, Inc. In a statement prepared in nice-Nelle language, Blaise told why:

"Too little appreciation, and little or no response from boxing fans or civic leaders, and the demands of my private business . . . prompt me to give up my idea and plans of making New Orleans the boxing center of the world . . . I'd be happy to see others

SWAPS OR NASHUA?

WITH the match race between Swaps and Nashua scheduled for Chicago's Washington Park August 31, SI herewith presents a couple of tips.

From SI's Los Angeles Correspondent James Murray, who has followed Swaps's flashing career for two seasons: Swaps by five lengths.

From SI's Turf Editor Whitney Tower, who has followed Nashua from Saratoga to Florida and to his defeat by Swaps in the Kentucky Derby: Nashua by one length.

Both writers agree in one hunch: the winner will run the mile and a quarter in track-record time of 2 minutes flat.

carry on . . . No one can deny we have operated along lines of the highest class . . ."

Blaise D'Antoni's trouble was that, in trying to make New Orleans the basing capital of the world, he had been pretty much obliged to deal with the men who have been running U.S. basing for a long time. On July 14 the executive director of the New Orleans Crime Commission, Aaron M. Kohn, made a speech before the men's club of the St. Matthew Evangelical and Reformed Church. Said the crime commissioner: "Men of the caliber of Costello and Carbo must not be permitted to feel that they can transfer any part or all of their incredible pattern of activity to New Orleans."

New Orleans needed no translation. In trying to bring big-time boxing to New Orleans, Blaise D'Antoni had felt it necessary to bring Frank Costello and Frankie Carbo, two of the tired old men of Prohibition's underground, to New Orleans too (SI, July 18).

On July 19 Blaise offered a rebuttal before the New Orleans Optimist Club, and this time no prepared statement. He was speaking in pure D'Antoni:

"I want to explain some of those articles in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. I want to apologize for the way the story was written. This is what happened: I hit the Waldorf at about 9:30 a.m. that day and there were 22 newspapermen and about 12 photographers around . . . but the first two bastards that got into the room were from *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. I'd been warned about them. I told them that if I wasn't quoted verbatim I'd make both of their heads one . . . And you remember how that came out (SI, June 27) . . ."

Blaise was not giving up on his North-South boxing act that day. "We intend to have big-time boxing here," he continued, speaking of the International Boxing Club's James D. Norris as "Jim Norris—that's my associate who runs boxing in the North." And then he told the Optimist Club, in a formal phrase, the relationship between Jim Norris and Frankie Carbo—something even Jim Norris has been officially uncertain about. "Jim Norris doesn't give any guarantee," he said. "(But) through Frank Carbo, who's an intermediary, I have 17 contracts . . ."

On July 20 D'Antoni was guest speaker at a meeting of the Young Men's Business Club of New Orleans. In the question period, Crime Commissioner Aaron Kohn stood up and asked whether Blaise knew that Frankie Carbo had been arrested 18 times on

various charges, including the killing of two men. "Anybody can be indicted," Blaise said. "Did you ever look into your own closet and see how many skeletons you had there? Maybe you did some of the things you accuse him of. It's about time somebody did something about you. I'm going to start a one-man fight. I'm going to be on you like gravy on rice."

On July 21 the *New Orleans States* editorialized: "The better interests of New Orleans would not welcome the establishment here of operations by men of the reputations borne by Costello and Carbo . . . The community is indebted to the Crime Commission . . ."

On July 26 the assistant superintendent of New Orleans police, Gay Banister, issued the following statement: "The gangster interests cannot be permitted to control any sporting event or so-called sporting event in New Orleans."

On July 29 Blaise D'Antoni gave up trying to make New Orleans the boxing center of the world.

WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

FOR 10 WEEKS the New York public relations firm of Stephen Fitzgerald & Co. has been conducting a public opinion survey for Baseball Commissioner Ford Frick. If you haven't been polled, it's because you are nei-

ther an employee of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad nor a summer school student at the University of Connecticut, the two main groups of average citizens selected to receive the questionnaire.

Enough returns are now in for a preliminary report to major league club owners in Chicago this week. Highlights of B&O (and Connecticut) opinion:

Nine out of 10 say yes, baseball is America's national game. But some stay away from ball games because there's no place to park. And some think games take too long to play. And some just prefer to watch baseball on TV.

The poll-takers have also collected opinions from sportswriters, and one preliminary finding in particular should please the major league club owners: 67% think that TV baseball fans would be willing to shell out something for the privilege of watching the game in their living rooms.

More of all this later, when the poll-takers issue their final and complete report after the World Series.

SAILOR IN THE TREETOP

TREE CLIMBING is an activity most people give up along about the time they leave grade school. But

continued on next page



"The White Sox beat the Red Sox, and the Yankees beat the Indians. That puts the White Sox ahead by three percentage points and the Indians a half game up on the Yankees, who will be only a game ahead of the Tigers if the Tigers beat the Senators tonight. Of course, the Red Sox still trail New York by two. And Riverbottom Oil has fallen off seven-eighths of a point."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 11

in the Pacific Northwest, where high-lead loggers continue to work much as they did in the days of Paul Bunyan, growups still climb trees. Like handling a two-bladed ax or a six-foot crosscut saw or a peavy hook, using a pair of climbing spurs is part of a lumberman's job—and also part of his play.

Each summer, when the logging business is slack and the camps have closed down, lumberjacks gather at places like Port Alberni, B.C.; Longview, Wash.; and Albany, Ore., to test their strength and skill in the arts of



the woodsman. There dark-bearded, hairy-chested men with legs like legs and backs as broad as their beloved Douglas fir compete in the specialties of their craft, felling 14-inch trees in less than three minutes and, unaided, rolling 1,000-pound logs up an 18-foot ramp faster than Jim Gulligan can run the 100.

In such company the most amazing athlete of all is a 150-pound vegetarian named Danny Sailor who is not only the world champion at his specialty—climbing trees—but he is so good that he has run completely out of competition.

At the recent Sooke Day sports carnival on Vancouver Island, the 26-year-old Sailor faked for a week (which is part of his training system), then challenged all comers to step up and take a crack at his crown. Nine came forth. Then the luck of the draw sent Sailor out first to scurry up and down the 86-foot sparsed fir tree, a distance he negotiated in 28 seconds flat (21 up, seven down) while 15,000 spectators held their breath. When the time was announced, eight of his opponents withdrew; the other, a Saltspring Island Indian named Ron Pappenberger who was considered to be a pretty good country tree climber in his own right, failed to make it a match race. His time: 37½ seconds.

Having run out of competition, Sailor is becoming something of a show-off. Frequently, on a two-foot perch almost a hundred feet in the air, he amuses himself and anyone brave enough to watch by doing calisthenics, jitterbugging and standing on his

head. This may be all right, but to the oldtimers the real proof of Sailor's ability comes when, at the top of his climb, he takes off his hat, sails it out into the air, and then beats it to the ground.

When you can do that, boy, you're a tree climber.

HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY

OF THE 26 world track records at distances from 100 yards to 36,000 meters recognized by the International AAU, the nine shorter ones are shared by 14 different runners. The remaining 16, from 1,500 meters on, may soon be the exclusive property of two Eastern European army officers.

One, of course, is Emil Zatopek, the fabulous Czech who won three gold medals in the 1952 Olympics and owns world records in all nine events at six miles and beyond. The other is a slim, sad-faced Hungarian lieutenant and ex-cyclist named Sándor Iharos who has broken three world records in the last three months and is apparently just getting warmed up.

In Helsinki the other day the 25-year-old Hungarian with the picture stride ran 1,500 meters in 3:40.8 to break Australian John Landy's record. Track experts immediately whipped out their slide rules to figure that Iharos—who was as fresh when he finished that he jogged another lap around the track just for fun—could

have kept going to run a mile in "about 3:57."

Before that, at Budapest this spring, Iharos ran the 3,000 meters in 7:55.6, and then clipped off the two-mile at London in 8:53.4, seven seconds under Belgian Gassen Reiff's old record. The day before his two-mile run, Iharos missed the mile event at White City Stadium because of a tummy ache. So his teammate, László Tabori, beat England's Chris Chataway and Brian Hewson in 3:59, as all three finished in under four minutes. Tabori, a one-time private in the Hungarian Army, said the lieutenant would have run even faster.

Iharos will get two good chances this month at the world record for the mile, racing Chataway at London in a British-Hungarian dual meet August 12 and a week later returning home to Budapest's lightning-fast Peoples Stadium for another try if needed. Just a minute, though. Before that—this week in fact—he wants to lower the 5,000-meter record in a race at Warsaw. And what are his chances? Pretty good—the pace setter will be Russia's Vladimir Kuc, who happens to have set the record for the distance in the first place.

This leaves Iharos with no immediate races scheduled in either the 2,000 meters or three miles, but he can afford to wait. There's still a lot of summer ahead.

SPECTACLE

SEATTLE SPRAY

A squadron of roaring hydroplanes and a couple of hot-tempered owners have stirred the Gold Cup city into a fever of excitement

On Aug. 7 the fastest racing boats in the world will go whooshing across the surface of Lake Washington past a crooked, colorful line of some 800 pleasure boats tethered along the course (opposite) in pursuit of the biggest prize of the racing year—the Gold Cup. For five straight years the Cup has been won by Stanley Sayres of Seattle and his two fat-nosed hydroplanes, *Slo-Mo-Shus IV* and *Slo-Mo-Shus V* (next page).

To win again this year the *Slo-Mos* will have to outspeed a formidable list of invaders, including Guy Lombardo's brand-new *Tempe VII*, considered by some to be the sweetest boat this side of heaven. But the roughest competition of all may well come from another Seattle man, Ted Jones (see page 17), once Sayres's chief designer but now his most intense rival, who has conceived two new boats to beat the *Slo-Mos*.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERT GLENN





Spouting rooster tails 30 feet high as they roar down the straightaway at 150 miles per hour, Stanley Sayre's Gold Cup champions



"She Ma IV" (top) and "V" (right) lead Detroit challenger "Miss United States" around Lake Washington's 30-mile oval course



"Gale IV" nestles serenely in a Seattle race garden after skidding out on the north turn and booming over the sea wall to intrude on a quiet lawn party given during the race by Dr. F. A. Black. Luckily no one was hurt, but "Gale IV" and Driver Bill Cantrell sat out rest of race.

THE RETURN OF THE JONES BOY

Ted Jones, that is, the Gold Cup designer who has the whole town of Seattle talking about his racing comeback

by EZRA BOWEN and ROBERT SCHULMAN

IN THE Seattle Gold Cup, fastest and most intensely contested speedboat race in the United States, anything can happen. A \$25,000 hydroplane, the product of years of design and agonizing months of tune-ups, can suddenly sputter and stop dead in the middle of a heat; or her gearbox may come unstung under the tremendous strain of acceleration in a trial run, preventing her from even making the starting line. Or, as happened in last year's race to Wild Bill Cantrell of Detroit, her rudder may jam, sending her careening into the middle of a sedate cocktail party (if it), leaving her driver with nothing but to stalk off muttering angrily, "This is the first damn time I ever walked away from a boat race."

Gold Cup entrants know this. But no one knows it better than a Gold Cupper named Tudor Owen Jones, a handsome, husky man of 45 with flecks of gray in his dark hair, who has had more to do with this year's Gold Cup entries than any man alive. As a young mechanic in Seattle's floating aircraft plant, Ted Jones conceived the original design from which virtually every one of this year's boats was copied. As chief architect for Stanley Sayres (SI, Aug. 23, 1964), a wealthy Seattle automobile distributor, he designed the *Slo-Mo-Skies IV* and *V* that have won the Cup for the past five years and set two world speed records to boot; and Jones himself drove *Slo-Mo IV* to her first Gold Cup victory in 1960.

Victories are fine, but Ted Jones wants credit—and headlines. In the world of the Gold Cup however, the headlines go not to the designer but to the owner. In 1951, for example, Jones says *Slo-Mo IV* was judged the greatest mechanical design of the year and that Owner Sayres took the award, forgetting to credit his designer. Jones was furious. That year and the next, while *Slo-Mo V* was taking shape from Jones's design in the backyard of Builder Anchor Jensen in Seattle, a three-cornered feud developed involving credit, authority and, of course, money.

Jones has dedicated his life to speedboat design. He began when he was a boy of 17, building first an outboard racer, then a 14-horse-power water sled that he used to run at 35 miles per hour through the rolling wake of the passenger boats that plied between Seattle and Tacoma. He

also pattered around on land with a motorcycle and a hopped-up Model T, both of which he raced.

"I was just like a lot of other kids in America," he said. "I didn't contribute anything, but I had fun."

In a very few years, however, he contributed plenty. Lacking an engineering education, he pored avidly over technical magazines and journals and tried to apply what he read to the hulls he hammered together in his father's cabinetmaking shop. In 1929, he built himself a conventional hydroplane with a single step on the bottom of the hull, but with bulges or bustles added on each side, angled at 45°, to get him through high-speed turns without flipping over as the old, flat-sided hydros were prone to do.

Then he thought, why not ride on the bustles? Get the hull up clear of the speed-resisting surface skin of the water, so that there would be only three points in contact with it: a tiny aftersection of each bustle and the propeller. It took him five more years before he finally completed his first three-point hydro; and when he finished, he had a real break on his hands. The boat had two outriggers forward, much like the jet in which Don Campbell just broke the world water-speed record, and rode on those two projections and on its stern.

"It was a dilly," Jones recalled. "The boat couldn't be turned in a 40-acre field, and it slid sideways almost as fast as it would go forward."

Bad as it was, Jones's lobster-clawed horror was the beginning of something big. For the next eight years, he juggled his designs. He brought the protruding sponsons in and incorporated them as part of the hull; and he moved the engine up, balancing the boat so far forward that the propeller came halfway out of the water.

"The speed jumped 25 miles per hour right there," he said. Then he moved the sponsons back to keep the three-pointers from nose-diving after she came down from a bump.

All during this time, Jones had little money to match his enthusiasm, and he had to confine his experiments to the smaller classes. The boats he built, however, made him the speed king of the Pacific Northwest in the 135- and 225-cubic-inch classes. By 1942, now working at Boeing,

continued on page 80



HOGAN REVEALS HIS

The most highly publicized, widely discussed but best-kept secret in modern sports has been "Hogan's Secret." Now that he has decided, at 42, to enter semiretirement, the great golf champion this week disclosed his still unguessed private formula

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTHONY RAVIELLI

EVER SINCE Ben Hogan announced two springs ago that his majestic successes as a tournament golfer were yoked hand in hand with a discovery he had made in 1946 and mastered in 1948, one of America's favorite outdoor and indoor pastimes has been trying to guess "Hogan's Secret." Most professionals and technique-wise amateurs knew the general area in which to look: Hogan's Secret clearly had something to do with the adjustments Ben had made which had transformed him—on those occasions when he failed to meet the ball just right—from the anguished captive of a hook (in which the ball moves in an often disastrous right-to-left parabola) into the proud and happy owner of a cultivated, controllable fade (in which the ball moves in a gentle left-to-right parabola and usually expires only a few yards off the desired line). The guesses included just about all of the age-old, stand-by remedies of the Ancient and Honorable Society for the Prevention of the Hook. Some were obviously "warm" but there was no knowing exactly how warm, for Hogan had no intention of making his personal formula known to his rivals as long as he remained a full-fledged competitive golfer.

In line with his post-Open declaration that he is entering semiretirement and will henceforth eschew his customary all-out preparations for victory when he does play in a tournament, Ben Hogan at length decided to reveal his secret and he does so this week in *LIFE* magazine. "The mechanics of a good swing demand a hook," Hogan writes, leading up to his militant measures against it. "To get distance, the hands roll into the ball just before the point of impact, and after it is hit the wrists roll over the top of the shaft. When hit this way, which is the way the best tournament players hit it, there is nothing for the ball to do but take off low and hard. It curls from right to left at the end of its flight. It comes into a green or fairway hot, like a fighter plane landing . . . A hook is hard to judge. Maybe one week you will be able to judge it adequately, but then

the next week you aim a little farther over to the right to compensate. Sometimes a hook gets so exaggerated that you don't know where to aim."

In 1946 Hogan was in the throes of just such a dilemma. As he intimates, many fine golfers had been there before him—in fact, all but a very few of the top tournament golfers since Harry Vardon, the last of the natural fade exponents. Gene Sarazen, for example, had to fight a hook throughout his career. Sarazen's solution was 1) to make certain his hands remained glued to the club at the top of the backswing and 2) to allow for the possibility of a hook by aiming, when in doubt, down the right-hand side of the fairway. At the stages in his career when he had to battle a hook, Bob Jones, in the view of his contemporaries, propped his right wrist at address in order to open the club-head a shade. The mystery of the multiple "collapses" of Macdonald Smith, the greatest golfer who never won a major championship, was partially cleared up for many observers when they studied slow-motion pictures of Mac's beautiful swing and detected that, under the strain of the big events, he had a tendency to come into the ball with a slightly closed club face.

On pages 20 and 21, the three adjustments Hogan arrived at for cooling his hook and still extracting maximum manageable power from his swing are described in graphic detail. As Hogan himself warns, they will not prove a panacea for the average golfer. Moreover, although his left-thumb adjustment should help accomplished golfers who are afflicted with a hook, it would seem that mastering Hogan's other measures would be at least as difficult as mastering a positively correct method of swinging. In short, Hogan's Secret is probably best viewed not as a prescription for other golfers' ills but as an example of one man's resourcefulness in solving his own particular problem and, with his amazing concentration and will power, turning himself from a great golfer into a great champion.



SECRET



THIS IS THE HOOK-PROOF position Hogan has mastered. The salient feature is the superbly strong left hand - a wall solid enough to restrain the natural tendency of the creaking right hand to overpower the left and shut the face of the club. For the measure that the hook-plagued 16-year-old, to insure that he arrive at this position, study pages 20 and 21.

BEN HOGAN'S SECRET:

1



HOGAN'S CHANGE

OLD POSITION

One night in 1936 as he was lying awake in bed and wondering what he could do to harness his hook, Ben Hogan decided to experiment with some general variations on the old, discredited technique called pronation. When a golfer pronates, the left wrist gradually rolls to the right as the backswing, the palm of the left hand gradually rolls downward, and this action gradually opens the face of the club. On the downswing, the corollary action, supination, takes place. The left wrist rolls to the left, the palm rolls upward, and the club face gradually closes so that, in short anyway, it is absolutely square when it

arrives at the ball. Pronation by itself, as Hogan states, is no cure for a hook and, in truth, encourages one. However, he felt that by making certain adjustments, pronation could serve as a base for a reliable, hook-proof method of striking the ball. The adoption of the pronation technique plus the working out of two related adjustments are what constitute Hogan's Secret.

The first adjustment Hogan made was to alter his grip, moving his left hand about $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch to the left so that the thumb lies directly on top of the shaft. (This revised position was visi-

2



MOVING INTO HIS BACKSWING



HOGAN BEGINS TO PRONATE



LEFT WRIST ROLLS TO THE RIGHT



CONTINUES TO ROLL GRADUALLY



AND CLUB FACE GRADUALLY OPENS



UNTIL BACKSWING IS COMPLETED

PRONATION PLUS TWO ADJUSTMENTS

ble, of course, and has already been copied by many pros.) The second adjustment—the heart of the secret—was invisible. It was a slight movement of the left wrist on the backswing, cupping the wrist in. As a result, the back of the left hand is gradually twisted upwards, so that at the top of the backswing it is tilted some six to eight degrees above its normal position. "At this position," Hogan says, "the swing has been made hook-proof." Hogan used this private formula on 90% of the shots he played, forgoing the adjustments only on those relatively rare occasions when a hook was required.



3

THE GRADUAL CUPPING IN of the wrist on his backswing was a movement Hogan never committed to "muscle memory" and on which he concentrated during each swing. At the top of the backswing, with the back of the left hand tilted 8° above its normal plane, with club face open to "the widest practical extreme," Hogan felt safe from hooking. "No matter how much wrist I put into the downswing," he explains, "no matter how hard I swing or how hard I tried to roll into and through the ball, the face of the club could not close fast enough to become absolutely square at the moment of impact. The result was that lovely, long-riding ball which is a highly effective weapon on any golf course."



... AFTER IMPACT, THE HIT-THROUGH



THE "INSIDE STORY"

From an anatomical point of view, this is roughly what takes place at the top of the backswing when a golfer pronates and additionally tilts his left wrist in the Hogan manner: the tendons, ligaments and muscles are compressed, and tension is added to

the hinge formed by the radius (the dominant forearm bone) and the metacarpal bones of the hand. In conjunction with the inflexible position which the left thumb assumes when placed on the shaft as Hogan places it, this tilt produces a faint lock in the hinge and a definite feeling of being "set"—that is, for a sensitive golfer.



JOE DIMAGGIO, 49, hit 14 consecutive games, batted .325 and produced 383 homers in 12 seasons with Yankees. DiMaggio has an interest in a San Francisco restaurant.



TED LYONS, 54, won 269 games as a major league pitcher in 21 years with the Chicago White Sox after he was signed off the campus of Baylor University. Lyons is now a scout for the White Sox.

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

CEREMONIES

PRESENTED BY THOMAS MORGAN



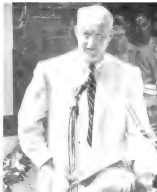
RAY SCHALK, 62, was star catcher for the White Sox from 1912 to 1925 and caught 184 or more games 11 seasons in succession. He operates a bowling alley in Chicago today.



FRANK (HOME RUN) BAKER, 69, got nickname by winning two World Series games for Athletics against Giants with homers in 1911, hit 93 in 12 years to lead "dead ball" era. He is a farmer now.



DAZZY VANCE, 62, is called the "Biggest right hander in National League" by *Time* magazine in 1927. He was born 185 in Eugene, Ore. Dazzy was a pitching coach in Homestead Springs, Fla.



GABBY HARTNETT, a native son of 1987 Chicago 19 year, 1922 1st World Chicago City, a local all-around manager to a team. Like Schalk, he was a resident after in Chicago.

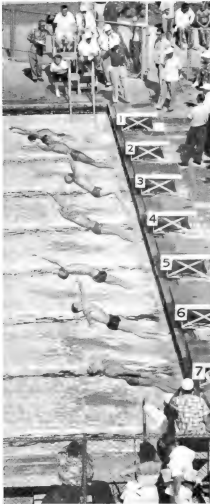
AT THE SHRINE

Baseball pays tribute to six more of its alltime greats in the traditional manner—posting plaques in its Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, N.Y. to commemorate their deeds



TED WILLIAMS, BEST BET FOR HALL OF FAME AMONG ACTIVE PLAYERS, LISTENS TO HALL-OF-FAMER CY YOUNG, 36, BEFORE EXHIBITION GAME

U.S. STARS



BREASTSTROKE ACE Bob Matteson of North Carolina State churns homeward on final lap in



BACKSTROKE STAR Yoshi Oyakawa, who already holds two world marks, was a double winner

BACKS ARCHED GRACEFULLY, A FIELD OF SEVEN

GET IN THE SWIM



the 200-meter event at Long Beach. Mattia, who has recorded the fastest time this year for 200 yards, posted an American record—2:45.8—in the race.



at Los Angeles. The silvered Hawaiian took over 100 yards to establish U.S. long course record, won at 100 meters in most record time.

FEBRE AWAY FROM STANDING BLOCKS AS GUN SOUNDED FOR BACKSTROKE

National AAU championships at Los Angeles produce some record times and encouraging prospects for next year's Olympic struggle



DON HARPER WAS SPOT WINNER IN THREE-METER RIFE

THE HORSY SET



FOR ADIOS HARRY: ▶ A WORLD RECORD

With Driver Muriel Macdonald in the sulky, the fastest pacer in racing today sets a world mark of 3:04 2/5 in winning the 1 1/2-mile Nassau Pace at Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, N.Y.

FOR GREYHOUND: A BIRTHDAY PARTY

One of history's great trotters celebrates his 23rd birthday with cake, friends at Sportsman's Park, Cicero, Ill. Greyhound likes these days in an air-conditioned knobby-pla-stall.

**◀ FOR NASHUA:
AN EASY GALLOP**

Leading several favorites with Exercise Boy, William McCleary in the saddle, William Woodman's American takes it easy at Saratoga, as he prepares for race with Scrips, August 31.



**FOR SWAPS:
A TRAIN RIDE**

Dining with Yankee Magazine's Tom den, Ron Ellsworth's red chestnut only stands in boxer stall at Chicago where he will run in the American Derby, then dash with Nashua.



MAN BUILDS BOAT

DOG TELLS ALL

by RICHARD AUSTIN SMITH

Neptune, the Chesapeake retriever, knew he was in for trouble the day his old man bought a kit boat. Grisly at first, it all ended merrily

If I were half the dog the family cracks me up to be, I should have known those big crates spelled trouble the minute they arrived. Of course I had had a hint from the way The Word—the master, that is—used to talk. He was always bragging about what wonderful water dogs we Chesapeake Retrievers were, spreading out my webbed feet (that's right, friend) as often I looked like four Chinese fans walking down the street.

According to him I could swim in anything but water on the knee. He gave everybody in the neighborhood the idea that in the event of a marine catastrophe (his word, not mine) good old Neptune would ferry the entire family ashore—The Word, Nas, Roddy and Mus Mus all hanging onto my tail like possums on their mama. Seems Mus Mus's great uncle had been pulled out of a frozen lake by a Chesapeake and—well, you can see how a thing like that gets started. Anyway I didn't mind. It gave me a very good odor in

the community, because we didn't own a boat and without one there was no possibility of my becoming a hero.

But the crates ended all that. They were a boat; that is, they could become one: The Word, egged on by a positive talent for self-destruction, had bought himself a kit for a 21-foot cabin cruiser.

He came home that night, eyes starry, stumbled up the front steps and skidded down the cellar ones to the garage where the odious crates lay. Dinner waited that night. He harked and tore at the wrappings, until the place looked like a junk heap of torn-up mattresses. Everyplace, paper and wood and screws. Then he sat down in the middle of the mess and made engine noises with his lips. I felt better right away. The way that boob was going, he didn't have a chance.

Naturally, I did my best to sabotage matters. I'd grabbed the special screwdriver that came with the kit—the only one that fitted all those screws—and sneak off into the woods with it. Sometimes

it would be a couple of days before he could put his hands on another, or me. Sometimes I wouldn't have to do anything but sit—just slide over and collapse on some vital fitting. Boy, would he scream. Then I developed a high taste for mahogany. There's something about a good piece of Philippine between the teeth that sets me drooling. I liked to wait until it had been sanded, filled, stained and varnished before I chomped on it. The stuff's delicious that way. The Word, naturally, got quite peevish about this and took to locking me in the bedroom. Deers, I discovered, offered a decent substitute, so they lost there, too. Somehow, though, that motley heap of lumber really began to look like a boat, and The Word started singing: "The keel board's joined to the frame board; the frame board's joined to the bottom board and the bottom board's joined to the side board . . . and we'll be afloat in the spring." Right then I knew the damn fool was going to make it.

This called for a change of tactics. No more mahogany snacks, no trifling with the tool. From now on, boat-builder's best friend. Get the shipyard superintendent instead. If you've ever seen one you know what I mean. They stare fixedly at you and then inquire archly, "You don't think you can build this thing all by yourself (without 20 years' experience as a cabinetmaker), do you?" Bad types, you know, and just my meat.

The Great Slide into Mashasset Bay came in late August and the launching was a success: the *Duckling* did not go down immediately or even subsequently. In fact, her bearing drew mild kudos from the yardmen for The Word who had himself installed the electricity, plumbing, engine, and so on.



COMPLETED CRAFT. a trim, 21-foot cabin cruiser, could pass easily for a professional job. Author Smith, inspired literally by dog, worked for nine months on it.



TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND of Brooklyn, west over Long Island Sound, kept their group just snugly together during a 7-to-10-mile day voyage from Maryland Bay, L.I. to Lake Champlain. From top left, Mike Mitt, Ray, Bobby (with patti), Negrete and The Word. A zodiac trip.

But they didn't know the half of it.

The rest of the season *Dorothy* never strayed far enough from shore to raise a ripple. The nine months of nights and weekends and the five weeks' vacation (not in the live brother called a boat shed had taken all the bounce out of the Bounding Main so far so The Word was concerned. Next year was to be the year of the great voyage.

I'd like to be able to report that most of the winter was spent in careful preparation. It wasn't. Oh, there was some messing around with charts and once a week a class at the U.S. Power Squadron (my God, every consensant was caked with salt from then on, but nobody minded. Take the class. The cabin was so small The Word couldn't sit up without bending over. When we all were shocked in the cabin it was a first-class mob scene. Downright

embarrassing, I thought, but The Word never even noticed. He was gone.

The trip was to go through the Harlem River to the Hudson, then up the Hudson until it turned west at Fort Edward, then on northeast through the Champlain Canal to the lake. Altogether, including a lot of poking around in Champlain, a round trip of about 700 miles. Actually, we went twice as far. The Word had a theory: the only way the five of us could survive on a 21-foot boat was to keep moving. "Take the blood," he said. "It moves so fast through the system, the impurities never have a chance to clog things up." We didn't clog a thing. No sooner did I get the pillows warm on the banks than I'd get booted out into the cockpit; it was the same for everybody—misérable.

Our first stop, as we moved laterally and orbitally up the Hudson, was

Nyark. Nothing unusual here except that The Word, while having Martinis in style in the cockpit, sat on the gear-shift lever. This caused our seating problem 20% since he preferred to stand for the rest of the trip. The princess in the fairy tale who could feel a pea through seven mattresses had nothing on him. Second day out was wonderful—clear, bright sky and a gentle roll to the river. "Ha," I said to myself, "and on into the upcountry."

GHOSTS OF BYGONE DAYS

Curious thing about the Hudson. You can drive along its highways for miles and never get any feeling of history. It's only from the water that the Dutch ghosts come out in their baggy pants and the red-coated English unfurl their flags. Newburgh, Kingston, Catskill, Coxsack—the old brick

continued on page 39



BALL TEAM ON THE ROAD

Mark Kauffman accompanies the Cincinnati Redlegs on a typical 12-day trip and finds that the on-field glamour of the diamond is all but obscured by frantic scrambles to make trains, meals at odd times and long, lonely hours in which they wait, wait, wait



Pitcher Joe Nuxhall reads the sports page in a Pullman berth at start of trip

Manager George (Birdie) Tebberts rests on luggage before ride to Philadelphia



Coach Jimmy Dykes long ago learned how to doze in coach seat

Jackie Collins, Johnny Klippstein and Joe Black poker time away





Joe Brown, 33-year-old rookie, writes a letter to his wife telling her of big league debut



Lobby sitting is traditional occupation practiced by Dykes, Rocky Bridges, Wally Post, Sam Mels



Early breakfast after night game starts day for Ted Khazemski (facing camera), Johnny Temple who must make train



Like teammates, Joe Black is steady customer at newsstand for magazines, taps for his children



Quick snack after night game is grabbed by Matt Batts, Roy McMillen and Joe Black

Rain delays the start of second game of double-header.





Railroad Agent Dan Esposa calls to hold train after double-header



Players draw frostily to meet new schoolboy escorted by TROTT



Road Secretary John Marlowe makes sure everybody is on bus



Top star Ted Kluszewski, "big brother on team," adjusts a neck medal for raw rookie Mike Smith

Cincinnati Post reporter Tom Swaps, who has covered baseball for 40 years, types story on train



Early-evening Infielder Rocky Eshiges passively smokes a postbreakfast cigar

Homebound Joe Nashall relaxes and laughs at the repartee among his teammates



QUEEN OF THE SALMON RIVERS

Norway's lovely Lærdal, a private paradise for over a century, is considered by many to be the world's greatest salmon river

by WALLACE STEGNER

ONE day by car or an hour by sea-plane from Oslo, 13 hours by fjord steamer from the west Norwegian city of Bergen, the Lærdal Valley opens into Sogne Fjord's blue water. Every side-gorge of Sogne Fjord is a Yosemite. This is no exception—a U-shaped glacial gorge, its floor patterned with hay drying in long racks across mown fields; its lower slopes dotted with water huts used during the summer grazing; its dark walls lifting to rims half a mile high and sloping off beyond to the mile-high rock roof of Europe.

Down Lærdal Valley comes a river, one of the most beautiful in Norway, where all rivers are beautiful. It comes in cascades and running pools and occasional rapids, between farms that have been there since Stone Age man crept northward after the retreating ice. It comes past the carved dragon gables of the stave church at Bergund, a relic of earliest Christian times, and flows through a narrow gorge that ends in a fall and a series of cascade pools. From the fall to the open fjord, it is 18 miles of open river: those 18 miles are probably the most famous salmon water in the world.

It has been famous, among English sport fishermen since 1837; they called it the Queen of Salmon Rivers, and one of them, Lord Portman, went to the trouble of acquiring a monopoly on its fishing rights for some years before the turn of the century. The English no longer dominate the Lærdal—the war and currency restrictions hurt—but their sporting traditions have been passed on to their successors, mainly Norwegians. You don't merely catch salmon on the Lærdal. You catch them right.

An American used to mountain or North-woods fishing would find here none of the outdoor atmosphere he might expect. No cabins or trailers or camps; nobody rising before sunrise to perfume the crisp air with coffee while the night dew is still pebbled on grass-blades and wet around the exposed edges of sleeping bags; no fishermen walking off up or downstream to fish the water of their choice.

This is more like a very quiet, very exclusive summer colony. A few summer residents own their places; some rent from season to season; some stay with farmers or at Lindström's Hotel, established as a fishermen's inn in the 1860's. And you don't fish the water of your choice. You fish your own "beat," rented from some farmer-owner through the agency of the village lawyer, Schjelderup Jansen. Probably you take your lease at least five years ahead; some Lærdal fishermen have fished the same stretch of river for a quarter-century or more.

It is a closed corporation, a preserve hedged with rules, written and unwritten, aiming to protect private rights and maintain the fishing. No limits in the American sense apply; you may catch as many salmon or sea trout as you can, and sell them in the market if you want. But by tradition and agreement, only so many rods will fish any beat, and most beats are fished only with fly. Sea trout under a pound get thrown back.

The trip-fisherman or weekender finds no place here. At other spots, as for instance at Lilands Hotel on the Vorma at Bulken, fishing is free to hotel guests, and it can be good fishing too. Vorma River salmon sometimes

come king-sized; and on a morning in August, 1954, I watched a motley collection of men, women and children, armed with everything from dry flies to bamboo poles and worms, pull 34 fat sea trout out of the pool below the fall there. On rivers in Nordland and Finnmark, in the far north, fishing cards may be bought by the day or week. But not on the Lærdal, except perhaps at season's end when the honor of a beat may sublet it for the tail end of the fishing. As befits a queen, the Lærdal keeps exclusive company. She





is a rich man's river; it is true; she is an expert's river as well.

For the exclusive right to a beat, a man pays somewhere between 5,000 and 12,000 Norwegian kroner (\$750 to \$1,700) a season. With every beat, at an additional fee, comes a gille (Norwegian "slepper") who comes for and carries tackle, unstraps hooks from brush or bottom, advises on lures and tactics, sets or gills hooked fish, fishes when the boss gets tired; talks, drinks, smokes, or speculates when invited to; cleans and smokes the catch, and does

anything else that a combination guide and body servant might do.

The gille is the guardian of his beat. He knows his river as he knows the lines of his own face; and he is a student of fish, a library of lore. Let a fish jump in the dusk, when your straining eyes can see only a vague splash. Your gille will tell you whether it is sea trout or salmon, whether he-dah or she-dah, how long it is, what it weighs. Catch it and you prove him right.

He is steady, friendly, untalkative, extremely skilled; and he has seen at

close range a good many of Europe's great. Besides a collection of English peers, the *Lærdal* has played host to George V of England, who came here as Prince of Wales with Fridtjof Nansen; to ex-King Michael of Rumania; to Prince Axel of Denmark (a regular), Vilhelm of Sweden, and Harald of Norway; to Sir Winston Churchill; to many of the shipping magnates who are the most powerful men in Norway; and to some of the most skilled sport fishermen of the world.

continued on page 40

QUEEN OF RIVERS

continued from page 28

The Lærdal is not famous for the size of its salmon. Of 89 recorded salmon over 50 pounds that have been taken in Norway on rod and line, the Lærdal has produced only one, a 53½-pounder. The Venna and the Namsen have produced as many as 15 monsters apiece, some of them over 70 pounds. Nevertheless, year after year, the Lærdal has been the best salmon water in Norway, topping them all both in the number of fish taken and the total weight taken. In 1887, the seven rods that Lord Portman then allowed on the river took 3,990 salmon with an estimated total weight of 50,000 pounds. Even in a mediocre year such as 1964, sport fishermen caught 16,476 pounds here, more than on any other Norwegian river.

Nothing, among fishermen, is even as good as it used to be. The Lærdal is that way too. The days when one Scottish fly-fisherman could lift 17 salmon out of one pool in one afternoon are gone, and will not return. No one again is likely to kill 32 salmon in a day, as a gentleman named Kvesvold did in 1890. No one will duplicate the experience of Lord Portman, who brought 22 salmon averaging 30 pounds apiece out of his famous Björkum Pool one afternoon, and was moved, as he staggered away exhausted, to lift his hat to the river with a "Well done, Björkum!"

The Lærdal is a fly-caster's river, and beautifully, uniquely fishable. Except for the stretch just below the fall, the banks are low, open, grassy or gravelly; both shore and river are wide enough to give a good caster room for his skill. You don't have to be a mountain climber to get to the fishing, either. Most pools are easily reached by ear, and the difficulties of brush, rocks, cliffs, blowdowns and bramble patches that elsewhere wear a fisherman's soul are all missing here. Where difficulties have existed, a hundred years of careful fishermen have improved the river with footbridges, stands and even ladders and railings. Anywhere below the cliffy upper beats, if you hook a big one you can go with him. Prince Axel is said to have hooked a salmon once that hauled him for half a mile before he landed it.

Any fool, they say on the Lærdal, can catch a salmon. I proved the adage, and learned something about Lærdal tradition in the embarrassing way, my first day on the river.

We had come for the double purpose of fishing and photography. The first evening we went out to get the lay of

the land, and stopped on a bridge to watch a lady fisherman land a sea trout in the pool below. Behind her was a cliff and a waterfall that in the morning would be in full sun. We arranged to meet her and her gillie there next morning to get a picture.

At 9 next morning the sun was knocking rainbows out of the waterfall, and the lovely Lærdal water was winking back light from its stony bottom, but the lady and her gillie were not there. I was taking no chances on the sun, so I went back to the hotel and tried to reach the lady by telephone. No luck. I conferred with the hotel people



about going back and posing a picture on the lady's boat myself. In five minutes I was back there in boots, putting together the spinning rig they had sold me in Copenhagen.

I waded out. The photographer looked into his Rolleiflex and waved me about 10 feet downstream. "Okay!" I said, and cast once to show him how it would look.

The spinner swept on down, caught, dragged. Then it dragged again, heavily, and started off upstream.

He felt good but not very big as I got him slowed and then stopped him and started bringing him in. I thought he might be a 2- or 3-pound sea trout. But then he took about 25 yards of line in one rush; and he was putting a lot of weight on the rod as I finally got him coring again. It was 10 or 15 minutes

before he tired. Having neither net nor gaff, I had to take a chance and beach him like a carp, but he was well-hooked, and I landed his 14 or so pounds on the bar for the cameraman. That was about the moment when the lady whose water I was invading arrived. She was not amused.

I tried to explain, but the lady, who was American, new to the Lærdal and deeply impressed with its traditions, had a stronger sense of private property than of humor. In the end I settled for the fish and \$39, which she said was the price of her boat for one day. She took it, too.

Other Lærdal fishermen got a good laugh out of that story, and did not hold my unintentional poaching against me. But they were unanimous and grave on one point: I should never have thrown a spinner in that pool. Except where a fly could not be used, in very fast or very awkward water, a spinner or a plover was unporting. They scared the fish and spoiled the fly-fishing for days. If you just wanted fish, you could use a net. My real sin had been not against private property so much as against sport.

The typical Lærdal regular is a fly-fisherman, and a good one. He conducts his daily routine around two fishing periods each day, one from 10 to 2, the other from 4 to dark. Early in the season he will probably fish for salmon on a wet fly in both sessions; but later, when the sea trout begin to run, he will probably fish a dry fly for trout in the morning, a wet fly for salmon or big sea trout in the evening. Between times, at any fisherman's house, somebody is sure to be practicing casting on the lawn.

Few meals are complete without salmon in some form, often smoked or as gravlax. The latter is a local delicacy made by rubbing a filleted salmon with sugar and salt, pressing it with layers of dill for several days, and finally burying it briefly in the ground. Hence the name: literally, "grave-salmon."

The he-salmon called *åse-laks* has a hooked jaw, and is a mystery, with habits that are predictable but often unexplained. What makes him, in his sixth year, turn out of the salt water of the Atlantic and up the fjord, precisely the right fjord, and make his way against all difficulties to the waters of his birth? If, as we suppose, he guides himself by the taste of those waters, how can he remember it? And why does he eat nothing all the way to the spawning grounds? Catch one and cut him open, and he is always as

clean inside as if he had been washed.

Or what makes him come up through a rapid and find a pool and settle down there in one spot? Is he resting? Is he (she, too) practicing spawning? His long black shadow lies there hardly moving; and one of the greatest pleasures of fishing the Lærdal is to see your game in advance, tempt one particular fish with a fly laid just over his nose, or drifted on a sunk line to the precise spot where he has glowering. Many Norwegian rivers, glacier-fed, are milky blue with ground rock, but the Lærdal is what a reverent Englishman once called it: gin-clear. You can see the expression on the salmon's face as he comes up for your Thunder and Lightning or Black Dace or Durham Ranger.

But even when you can see him, he remains mysterious. If he isn't eating these months, why does he lit your fly at all? Playing? Chasing it away? Simply curious, like an onlooker investigating a fluttered handkerchief?

FISH SCALES OF JUSTICE

He is an endless topic of conversation, the center of a way of life. Even when the fishing is bad, the life goes on just as pleasantly as if every one were bringing home 40-pounders every night. By a comforting law, the sea trout are thicker and hungrier in bad salmon years, and sea trout in the Lærdal may go well above 20 pounds. Sea trout can satisfy the craving for more fish; the other pleasures of fishing remain undiminished: the peaceful valley, the pleasant weather, the waterfalls, the river slipping between its patterned hayfields.

Bad fishing in 1954 means only that a combination of low water and cold killed much of the spawn six years ago. The situation will change, as sure as salmon start up the fjord in May. The gillies say the river now is full of fry. Next May, when the familiar fishermen return to their familiar boats, they should find the blue shadows beginning to be more thickly in the gin-clear pools. If they have a worry, it might spring from a fear that changing laws or the high bidding of Americans may cut in on the exclusiveness of the old group, but they don't worry about the salmon. This incomparable river constantly renews itself as if the salmon themselves found it irresistible.

They do; they must. So do the fishermen fortunate enough to control one or more of the Lærdal's 23 beats. And when both fish and fishermen find a river irresistible, you have a queen among fishing streams. E.W.R.

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COLUMN OF THE WEEK

by H. G. SALSINGER

The Detroit News

A WORD OF WARNING TO THOSE
WHO WANT TO BUILD A MODERN
RACE TRACK—IT TAKES MONEY

DURING THE Klondike Gold Rush, Wilson Minner ran a gambling house in the Yukon. One night when a no-limit stud poker game was in progress a stranger entered the room and asked to sit in. The players ignored him but he was persistent. He told Minner, "I've got money" and counted out \$10,000 in currency. Minner took the cash, tossed it to the banker and told him, "Give this fellow a white chip."

A group that calls itself the Michigan Thoroughbred Turf Club is trying to break into the thoroughbred racing game. The promoters say they are ready to spend \$4 million to build the "most modern and beautiful track in the Middle West." If they try to build the track they describe \$4 million will take them about as far as a white chip in Minner's palace of chance.

The promoters told members of the Troy Township Board of Trustees that they plan to build a track comparable to Hialeah or Santa Anita. If one of them ever visited Hialeah or Santa Anita and has any idea of costs he must know that neither track could be duplicated today for less than \$30 or \$35 million. Ten years ago, Dr. Charles H. Strub, the man who created Santa Anita, said he had already spent \$10 million on improvements and expected to spend at least that much more. Hialeah built a clubhouse for \$2,500,000

last year and Belmont Park expects to spend about \$50 million rebuilding its plant and making it modern.

None of the promoters of the Michigan Thoroughbred Turf Club is known to racing and they lack even a hazy idea of what the operation of a race track involves. Like many others they probably believe all that is necessary is a track, a fence and a line of pari-mutuel machines. You open the gates and quickly start raking in the millions. What they do not realize is that the race track is the most intricate and hazardous of professional sports industries.

They say they will spend \$4 million to erect the "most modern and beautiful track in the Middle West" but it is obvious they have never seen Arlington Park or Washington Park in Chicago. Arlington Park, which cost several times \$4 million, is the most modern and beautiful track in the Middle West with Washington Park not far behind.

George Krehbiel, who has covered racing at every major track in the country with the exception of Hollywood Park in California and is a nationally recognized authority, was asked to interview track owners and operators and prepare an itemized list of expenses involved. He gathered the following facts:

A modern steel grandstand seating

10,000 persons would cost \$4 million or more, probably more.

A track requires at least 50 barns of 60 stalls each. The barns could not be built for less than \$100,000 a barn.

Grading, purchase of special loans and construction of a one-mile racing strip together with the inside and outside rails would require another \$400,000.

Buildings other than the grandstand, bleachers, clubhouse and barns must be erected. They include the administration building, jockey quarters, track kitchen, blacksmith shop and maintenance building. These would cost between \$150,000 and \$200,000.

Expensive equipment, such as a watering truck, harrows, boats, tractors, must be bought. Hazel Park, with a 1/2-mile track, spent \$75,000 on equipment alone.

Although no race track owns a totalisator, the track must pay \$70,000 for installation of the board and necessary wiring, then pay a percentage of its mutual receipts to the American Totalisator Co.

Hazel Park, with a daily average mutual handle of around \$200,000, must have a daily cash bankroll of \$400,000 on hand at all times. Tracks with larger mutual handles must have bigger bankrolls ready.

OBIGATIONS COME HIGH

Then come the contractual obligations every track should have. They are the film patrol, cinematograph, electric timer, photo finish camera, electric starting gate, hospital ambulances, horse ambulance, physicians, trained nurses, veterinarian, paddock blacksmith, armored car service, jockey insurance, earned music and a private detective agency, the Thoroughbred Racing Protective Bureau, Pinkerton's or others.

And the payroll and purses. The new outfit arguing for a license, talks vaguely of purses higher than those paid by the Michigan Racing Association and Hazel Park. Size of purses is based largely on the size of the mutual handle and there is no way for a new track to tell what it will be.

Daily operating expenses for Gulfstream Park in Florida, for instance, average \$75,000. Tracks like Santa Anita, Hialeah, Belmont, Arlington Park and Washington Park cost considerably more to operate.

The difference between the promoters of the Michigan Thoroughbred Turf Club and the stranger in the Yukon is that \$4 million won't buy a white chip.

(C.B.R.)



INSIDE BASEBALL

by PAUL RICHARDS

A MANAGER WINS PENNANTS WHEN
HE LEARNS TO ROTATE HIS PITCHING
TO GET HEAVY DUTY OUT OF HIS
STAFF AND STILL KEEP IT RESTED

SURELY THE most important—and possibly the most interesting—of all the problems facing a baseball manager is the handling of pitchers. Your team's strength begins with the pitching staff. Its failure can mean disaster.

One problem you often face is rotating your pitchers. Some want only three days, others need five. Bob Lemon, for instance, the best of the moderns who has as much natural talent as any pitcher who ever lived, likes to pitch regularly with three days' rest and relieve in between. With more than a three-day layoff, Lemon insists his control is seriously impaired.

You might wonder if Lemon and other great pitchers like him might have done even better with an extra day. I think yes, and the reason is night ball. There's an extra stiffness that comes from pitching a night game. The cooler, sharper air that usually prevails about the fifth inning of evening games tends to stiffen both back and shoulder muscles quicker than in day games and leaves a more lasting effect.

When your league plays both day and night games, a pitcher's schedule must be checked closely. If a pitcher works on Wednesday night and comes back to pitch Sunday afternoon, he is not getting his normal three days' rest.

After choosing a staff of 10 pitchers, the manager must, naturally, divide them into starters and relievers. The latter, in turn, must be divided into two classes—early- and middle-inning firemen and the late-inning stoppers.

Your average staff has nine men, four or five of them regular starters. This leaves four for relief—two of whom could be late-inning game protectors. One should be a southpaw, the other right-handed. The remaining two could well be youngsters being brought along as mop-uppers to gain experience on bad days. Many fine pitchers have proved their ability in such a role.

Recently some pitchers have insisted on loosening up a little the day before they start. They get the habit in the minors where managers are often so short-handed that untested pitchers have to be waved in. Pitchers who can stand up under these circumstances and still work nine hard innings

under present-day conditions—including night baseball, the livelier ball, better hitters and handball park parks—are not only rare, but amazingly rugged.

Only by a consistent and intelligent training program can a pitcher hope to cope with modern baseball's mania for the home run. Any added strain on the throwing arm, which is sure to take off that little extra zip on the fast ball, works dangerously against the pitcher's best interests.

The answer, theoretically, lies in real good stuff to stay away from the home run, and sharp enough control to prevent bases on balls. Somewhere in between lies the mysterious enigma that all managers will strive forever to solve—how to cut down bases on balls and long hits at the same time. (E.R.)

TENNIS

TRABERT'S SHOULDER INJURY
HAS THE U.S. ON THE SPOT BUT
AUSTRALIA IS TROUBLED TOO
AND NOBODY IS COMPLACENT

by WILLIAM F. TRABERT

THE MIDSUMMER night's dream of Davis Cup captains has suddenly become a nightmare. Less than a month from the World Series of Tennis (Forest Hills, August 26, 27, 28) both teams, Australia the likely challenger and the U.S. the defender, are beset with crises.

First, Vic Seixas, hero of the last Challenge Round, aggravated a shoulder injury at Wimbledon while losing in an early round to G.R. Shea. Constant treatment since then has him again fit and primed for a bid for a singles spot, but it's a tough road ahead.

Now comes the news that Tony Trabert has damaged his shoulder. Sunday he was forced to default in the Meadow Club finals at Southampton, L.I. Tony's trouble apparently developed in a second-round match. He pulled a muscle, seriously hampering his booming serve and overhead game. Assured

that it was nothing serious he stayed on into the finals with Ed Moylan. Before the match I told him not to hesitate to default if he felt further pain. He did, and sensibly quit playing in the fifth set. After further medical consultations it was decided that Tony should skip the Eastern grass court singles championships at Orange, N.J.

Trabert's and Seixas' shoulders coupled with a slumping Richardson and no fourth man casts an ominous cloud over our chances, but things are not so rosy for the Australians either.

From the down under camp come reports that Lew Hoad, Australia's blond blockbuster, is 1) under the weather 2) disgruntled because his bride of little more than a month has been sent home under the team's "no wives" code.

At Montreal last week Hoad, upset in an earlier tournament by Brazil's Ronald Moreira and playing only doubles against Canada, skipped one formal reception. Captain Harry Hopman explained he was suffering from a "touch of the heat."

From our standpoint, Hoad's troubles are encouraging, but I would suggest we not let preliminary communique from the enemy lull us into a sense of false security. We still have a battle—a big one—on our hands in the Challenge Round at Forest Hills. Even should Hoad not be at his best at that time—and I rather suspect, and fear, he will be—the Australians have a dangerous substitute they can throw into the breach—Rex Hartwig.

On a given day Hartwig can be the most brilliant amateur in the world. Besides, he has had singular success against Trabert.

All of which brings us back to Tony's condition. He will have to be in top shape if we are to retain the Davis Cup. In one sense, his forced rest may turn out to be a good break for him. Tony is a conscientious player and has kept up a grueling schedule since Wimbledon. In the course of the tournament grind, he has built a spectacular winning streak, comparable to Don Budge's in 1937-38 when the redhead waded through his competition. The streak has provoked some alarm among his supporters who fear the pressure might build into a crescendo that could explode about the time of the Challenge Round. Long winning streaks can invite upsets.

But I doubt that that will be the story with Trabert. The layoff can make him wary, and a cautious, rested Trabert might be the exact tonic we need. One thing sure: there is no complacency in our ranks. (E.R.)

MOTOR SPORTS

by JOHN BENTLEY

IT'S MOTOR EXPERT BECOMES THE FIRST JOURNALIST ANYWHERE TO ROAD-TEST THE HOT D-TYPE WORKS JAGUAR. HIS CONCLUSION: D STANDS FOR DYNAMITE

THE D-type Jaguar is the kind of car that makes up for every past occasion when some enthusiastic journalist has flattered an average sports job with the term "going machine." From the tip of its nose and purposeful aerodynamic snout to the hindmost extremity of its sharklike tail fin it spells just one word—speed. Not the sort of speed by which ordinary sports-racing cars are judged, but fantastic speed in the region of 300 mph, and breath-taking, head-snapping pickup that gives you a sensation in the pit of your stomach something like a zooming elevator. It is a car the performance of which can only be gauged by formulating a new set of values. When Jaguar's public relations assistant Robert Berry handed over the test car to me at the Coventry factory, he remarked with a twinkle in his eye: "Have fun but take it easy. This isn't the production version we'll shortly be delivering to approved private owners; it's the practice car of the actual works team. You're the first member of the press ever to be accorded that privilege."

Painted British racing green, with the right-hand driving seat upholstered in light green leather, the D-type stood waist high to me at door level. As I clambered in and slid under the sharply raked steering wheel, it flashed through my mind that in the interests of sheer speed this was surely going to be a hard, uncomfortable ride and that to get anything worthwhile out of such a car would call for a brand of lightning dexterity associated only with young factory race drivers. I was completely wrong. The D-type's driving seat is as comfortable, as softly upholstered and snug as the "passenger" seat is hard, useless and wind-blown. With a full 16-inch width at the buttocks and a 45-inch span between the seat back and the pedals, it accommodates a fat man or a tall one with astonishing ease. You sit very low, with just enough support under the backs of your knees, head well protected by the high fairing that tapers up into the tail fin, face totally shielded from drafts and eddies by a tear-shaped plastic windshield. It is like sitting in an airplane cockpit without a roof. Even the pedals are thoughtfully

arranged. There is plenty of room for the clutch foot; brake and gas pedals are close together so that you can heel-and-toe for fast downshifts.

"Just one thing," Berry added. "The clutch is either in or out." I nodded, turned on the ignition, tickled the gas treadle and pressed the starter button. Instantly the engine exploded into life and in one swoop the needle on the huge 8,000 rpm tachometer at my left zoomed to the four mark. Disconcerting until you get used to the sensitive throttle—which doesn't take long. Into reverse, clutch up—and the engine stalled. Berry's meaning was then clear. With 210 foot-pounds of torque and 285 hp under the hood, you can't feel around with soft clutch springs. The prewar Alfa Romeo and Bugatti were that way too.

The all-synchromesh, four-speed, close-ratio gears (fourth: 3.54; third:

thing. Even more surprising, the engine was equipped with ordinary Champion NA8 spark plugs, identical with those fitted to the XK140 sports-touring power plant.

Now for a cautious limbering of those 10-jenque boots that have brought the D-Jag world-wide racing fame. At 5,000 rpm in second, upshift into third; and at 4,900 rpm in third, upshift into high. Almost instantly, the tach needle climbed back up and I was doing 121 mph with a mere touch of throttle. It was about as effortless as 50 mph in an ordinary car. Steering was feather-light but very quick (1 3/4 turns, lock to lock); the slightest jerk of the wheel can send you off at a tangent. You quickly learn to coax the machine along a given path, rather than steer it, and the faster you go the easier this process becomes.

Just over 150 mph was the absolute limit possible with any safety under prevailing conditions, although Test Driver Norman Dewis of Jaguar reached a computed 191 mph at 6,390 rpm with a 2.69 rear-axle ratio along the four-mile Mulsanne straight at Le Mans. But within these limitations, the D-Jag's acceleration was phenomenal. Snapping my chin upward, the test car cannon-balled from a standing



ON THE RACECOURSE, here at Sebring last March, the D-Jaguar is one of the season's hottest machines. But it runs also throttle-down and handle well in ordinary traffic.

4.53; second 5.82) were a little stiff to shift, but very quick and positive. Puttering along for a while, to get used to the controls, I became conscious of the astonishing flexibility of the engine. Despite the lower octane British fuel and the 9 to 1 compression ratio, the D-Jaguar will pull away smoothly from 1,590 rpm (33 mph) in top gear with only a slight ping. In second gear you can get down as low as 1,390 rpm without bucking, although obviously the car wasn't designed for that kind of

start to 80 mph in 8.5 seconds and hit 100 mph in 12 seconds flat. The sensation engendered by that rate of progression was a unique experience, but the car remained under perfect control. At low speeds, the noisest thing about the D-Jag besides its pleasing exhaust boom is the squeak of the disc-brake pads when the brakes are gently scabbed. At high speed there is quite a bit of mechanical noise from the engine, though its intrusion is a form of music dear to the enthusiast. No

breaking tests were made, but from 100 mph the disc brakes, when suddenly applied, stop you altogether too quickly for comfort, despite a deceptively soft brake pedal. It's as though some giant invisible hand were grabbing the car from underneath.

Having played around in this fashion for a while and enjoyed a rare thrill, it remained only for me to tweak the devil's tail. Accordingly, I headed for the middle of Coventry and purposely ambled through a dense throng of homebound traffic that included buses, cars and droves of cyclists. The engine snorted through the gears at between 1,500 and 2,500 rpm with extraordinary docility, neither misfiring nor overheating despite this unfair provocation.

I have said elsewhere that the only thing the D-Jag needs to become a Grand Prix car is one seat less, but that statement requires qualification. It is a far more docile, comfortable and flexible machine than any Grand Prix car, and certainly the most versatile of the so-called sports cars competing in road races today. On a bet, you could drive a D-Jag quite smoothly and easily through traffic to the local grocery store—which is more than can be said of any rival make in that field.

The chief difference between the works car tested (285 hp at 5,750 rpm) and the "production" D-Jag (250 hp at 6,000 rpm) is that the former features the new "83-49" cylinder head designed by Harry Westlake. In this, the inlet valve is inclined at 35° in the combustion chamber, and the exhaust at 46°, resulting in superior air flow and volumetric efficiency. The works car also has a 7 3/4-inch longer nose, a wrap-around windshield and a higher tail fin. The "production" job includes a 160-mph speedometer, and with an optional 3.31 rear axle, can use most of the dial. It certainly is no slouch. Both models have lightweight square-tube frames with alloy bodies bolted on them. Dimensions and equipment are almost identical. Both weigh 1,560 pounds with 36½ gallons of fuel, which gives even the "production" job a sizzling power-weight ratio of 7.84 pounds per hp.

Whether these cars (or any others of that ilk) belong in true sports car racing is a subject for discussion elsewhere. The D-Jag is a cocky little dynamite, however well controlled. But if you can satisfy the Jaguar company with your driving competence, the base price, F.O.B. Coventry, is £2,589 (\$7,254). There's no cheaper rich man's race car. (ENR)



TIP FROM THE TOP



For all golfers

From JACKSON BRADLEY, River Oaks Country Club, Houston

One of our club members—and one of our finest golfers, incidentally—happens to be a prominent neurosurgeon interested in the psychosomatic side of golf. I played a round with him recently, and as we walked down the fifth fairway he noticed the tenseness of my jaw.

"Why don't you whistle a slow tune?" he suggested. Whether it was completely psychological or not, I felt a change immediately. I played 5-under golf the final 18 holes and turned a bad round into one I really enjoyed playing. So instead of giving advice, which I'm paid to do, I found taking it very helpful on this occasion.

Muscular tension can obstruct proper concentration or ruin the actual physical performance of a stroke. By occupying yourself with some form of relaxation that is natural to you—whistling is natural for me, talking is natural for Billy Joe Patton, and so on—you won't entirely eliminate the tension that is an inescapable part of golf. You will, though, be able to control that tension and prevent its interfering with your muscular action. As the drawing below illustrates, keeping cheerful and relaxed, whether you whistle or maintain your composure by some other action, is a lot more conducive to playing good golf than fretting over technical problems, your score, or the ignominy of an off-day.



NEXT WEEK: GENE LITTIER ON WAITING FOR THE CLUB HEAD IN PUTTING

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

5D—moon open (or spent); **5C**—season closed (or closed); **C**—clear water; **D**—wide dry fly; **E**—dry fly; **M**—mud; **N**—mud at normal height; **H**—highly high; **H**—high; **VH**—very high; **L**—low; **R**—rising; **F**—falling; **WTS**—water temperature 50°; **FG**—fishing good; **FF**—fishing fair; **FP**—fishing poor; **OG**—outlook good; **OG**—outlook fair; **OP**—outlook poor

BLACK BARK: NEW YORK: Ashokan River will produce early fly and down and dash and smallmouth bass, darters, hogs or spin-bait fish along shore line but few fish (see events). **4D**, **4F**, **4C** through August. Delaware River L. C. **WTF-AB** in Narrowsburg area and **FP** fly with hogs and scudbugs at ends of pools from dusk to dawn. Schuylkill, upper Sagittawill has bass off foot but hog reports can mean they will action after sun is off water) and for per cent of success, one landing specialist out. "I let it eat too long."

ELIZABETH: **WTF**, in St. Johns River runs last week and **OG** next 30 days that some anglers at Little Lake Harris and Poughkeepsie Lakes complained that Anglers not fishing as fast that have died in lake due to fish-eat.

PENNSYLVANIA: Harris in central section were poor except for last week and there were no better weather in local history. **WTS-AB** in Susquehanna and Juniata rivers and over 50 in many trials. But very opposite Port Hunter and Conestoga. North on the Susquehanna, or Conestoga Creek near Newport) use many top water plug after dusk or before sunset.

TECHNICAL: Jimmy Graves of Rockwood reported three bigmouth bass that totaled 21½ pounds from Watts Run Lake with most from white mullet fish. Subsequent lakes get together results at Cherokee and Douglas lakes **OG** out of month.

SOUTH CAROLINA: Bluffton lake has closed all freshwater fishing but a few fishermen are taking bass from Lake Bluffton in reservoir by fishing small and single baits.

ARIZONA: Double daytime temperatures to 112°, lunkers from 4 to 5 pounds are attacking surface plugs along Arizona side of Lake Havasu at dusk and dusk; all rivers very strongly but release of water from Delta Dam permits extra wading in whoppers.

MAINE: Record high temperatures and below-normal rainfall had north have lowered levels in most lakes and rivers, but most sections report **FP** for bass top producers last week was Moultonboro, where many anglers had smallmouth from 4 to 5 pounds; **OG**.

MISSOURI: Top water plays are producing good catches of smallmouth bass from the James and upper Big River rivers despite hot weather; last night slightly murky; **OG**.

ONTARIO: Eight-year-old Nancy Gelbach of Scarborough dropped a worm into Wallace's Cat River Run in the Muskoka Lakes, hooked on a 1½-pound smallmouth. Other Muskoka anglers found him hungry for crickets and other small-trouted sucking plugs; **OG**, **D** through August.

BRASHEIL SWEDFISH: NEW YORK: Broads are fairly plentiful in Montauk area and north in Nanuet but few sports fishermen are going after them despite heavy commercial fishing; **OG** next two weeks.

MUSKELLUNG: PENNSYLVANIA: Troutville lake in Allegheny River produced an all-time last week report of 14 pounds at early dawns in Tunkhannock and Schuylkill area and north is a try too late break of dawn, with disappointing play at wading spots.

NEK BASS: Fishing picked up at Lake Champlain last week, and **OG**, **F** for early morning and late evening; **FP** on the St. Lawrence River and **OP** in most lake outflows.

SPRINGERS: Hot, dry weather has reduced musky activity to almost of season. Maryland now reports 20-pounder from Choptank River area, 20-pounder from Grapeland Lake; in Kentucky River area. Delaware Lake produced a 10-pounder. Some action in Big, Rapp, Twin, Rappahannock, Potomac, Potomac and Great Lakes, Upper Camp River, Rappahannock River, Lake Thompson and George; yellow perch,

trout, muskellunge and spoon combinations and big surface bass favored by experts. Water levels are holding well, but cool spell and rain are needed for good fishing.

ONTARIO: Over 10 muskies from 8 to 21 pounds reported this season from Canadian side of Lake St. Clair, between Rochester and Stony Point; **FG** and **OG**. In Lake Nipissing, weed beds off Oak Island are top spot for trolling.

TROUT: MAINE: Richard Russell of Belfast, Maine set fast pace for improved fishing with 14-pound smallmouth trout reported of northern Maine. In Bangor, which was producing a slew of big brookies, and should still be hot; **OG** for anyone flying into Whitehouse Lake.

CALIFORNIA: Twin Lakes in Marin County again produced top bass trout for Robert O'Ryan, 12 of Los Angeles, he took the 11½-pound fish on a spinner with spinner set down on bank for higher water, on next stage of Santa as weather warmed after cold rain. Most smallmouth lakes and streams are badly stocked. But here among high lakes of Pioneer Park, Fourth River, Desolation Lake, Golden Trout Lakes, Washoe, Knap and Shasta lakes. San Bernardino taking top fish of anglers in United Camp region, south of Santa River, on west slope of Santa but spots are still of Kings, San Joaquin, Tuolumne and Kaweah rivers. In northern part of state few bass are reported, as are muskies in the Delta and **FP** rivers, upper Sacramento River is in standard; **OG**. Best bass are French and White lakes in upper Yuba region, west side of the American, where Creek and Middle Fork of the Feather.

WISCONSIN: All streams flowing out of Yellowstone Park are clear again after heavy rains resulted from last week; cooler weather has improved daytime fishing on Madison and Yellowstone rivers, still **OG**. In Lake Superior, during new season, on Hells, Adirondack and Stroudwater but still too high for top sport. Muskies, Little Belknap and River Rock rivers **FG**, wet and dry fly; **FP** in most lakes but Cliff, Knap and Fishland producing well.

CONNECTICUT: After 20 years with Colorado Park and Game Department, during which he was too busy helping to work streams to do much fishing. A. J. Donahue of Glenwood Springs returned last January. Last week Donahue decided to go fishing, along to the Colorado River a few miles from his home, pulled out a 7-pound 13-ounce rainbow trout, three from. But Mrs. Ruth Donahue of Glenwood is now located a trout in her life. Reported a 3-pound 10-ounce brown trout from the Rafting Park River same day. Meanwhile heavy statewide runs of muskies, but some, like the one caught by H. D. **FP** with bass and hogs. **OG**, Arkansas River **M**, **D**, **FP**, **OG**; all three lakes of South Dakota **SG**, **D**, **FP**; Great Creek **H**, **SG**, **FP**, **OG**; Fishing Lake **D**, **FP**; fishing in **FP**, **FP**, **OG**; Yellow River **H**, **FP**, **OG**; White River **L**, **C**, **FP**, **OG**; San Juan **M**, **FP**, **OG**; Rio Grande on Colorado River, L. C., **FP**, **OG**; Colorado River Eastward but should be **FP** with hogs and spinners. **FP** with hogs, **OG**, **FP**, **OG**. In NW Colorado, Beaver, Mud Creek, Patuxent, Buffalo Pass. Three Delta and Gold Lakes are in top phase and producing excellent fishing; **OG**.

IDAHO: Trout catches in northern state decreased and drying up fast as near 100° temperatures permit up to press time that local anglers provide slight relief in some areas, as Maple River in Emmet County where his son set a new record for trout this season. **DYF** for fish and salmon.

WASHINGTON: Rock Lake is top bet for big rainbow with loaded spinner and worm-fishing fish at lower end but biggest trout coming to lure and from shore and log points at Canadian end of lake. **FP** and **OG** for musky catches.

thrust in Shasta River tributaries, lower end of Shasta and Goodwin rivers, Shoshone, Snake, Wenatchee and Klamath rivers. Rainbows are taking fair fairly in the upper stretches of Shoshone and Wenatchee rivers, and **OG**.

OREGON: Trout fishing improving as snow melt of Pacific coast. Willapa River out on upper Willapa, Wenatchee and Klamath rivers and Spokane and **OG**, Deschutes, Crooked, Molokai, McKenzie and Santiam rivers L. C. **FP** with dry fly and **OG**. Shasta tributaries are in excellent stream; best seen on Willapa, Santiam, Klamath, Umpqua, Rogue, Klamath, Rogue and Kib river, all L. C. **OG**.

MAINE: **FG** for large trout through state top waters are mostly. Major rivers about Bangor, Presque Isle River, Indian River and Lake Umbagog. **FP** for trout and salmon in Kennebec and Kennebec and Little River. Shasta River near Bailey, southern. Marquette River, Seven Devils area. In general outlook is excellent on days are hot and nights cool (14-16).

BLUEFISH: NEW JERSEY: First blue taken from Cape May and lower end of the 8 pounds; next-conditions were as weak in the Barnegat Bay with peak last attached. **FP** and improving along Cape May shore from Wading to Northham. **FP** last week at first of month south shore of Northham and should still be good. Capitanas sport at Martha's Vineyard, and **OG**, Chatham's dates.

LOUISIANA: You can catch enough bluefish to fill big new freezer any night this week, by the time the bass on the all right Grand Lake **OG**.

NEW JERSEY: Rocking and catching continues of Ashbury Park. **FP** on the Shrewsbury River all month. North Barnegat Bay, August is top fishing and changing spot; outlook is excellent for offshore fishing (about August 15, with large fish the rule. Surf fishing is fair to poor, with Shasta River last but week's best spot for squids.

MARINE: NEW JERSEY: Commercial wharf are opened along entire coast, with best area at near Barnegat Bay; **OG**.

MAINE: **OG** for bluefish, with some commercial fishermen SE of Portland; best week; **OG**.

MAINE: Record runs of whisks in due of Grand City this week or next; **OG** but check by phone before planning trip.

ATLANTIC SHORE: NEW JERSEY: Shrewsbury River, Monmouth and Great South River are top producers last week, which was best catch of **OG** and improving.

NEW JERSEY: Warm weather and rain slowed Muskegon fishing last week as salmon congregated in pools where red brooks joined rivers, good at Mile off on Northham. Muskegon is good bet. Upper Mass River, Nipmuck, Connecticut, Housatonic and their tributaries **FP**, **OG**. On St. John, top end of putrowd drive-off affecting Hamlet Pool area, and outlook is poor as natural side in deepening hole. Heavy rain is needed.

ATLANTIC SHORE: PA: fish are plentiful in Port Antonio. There are few fish in the lake.

NEW JERSEY: Three good schools have arrived, with Newport off Charlotte's biggest reported to date. Record good fish landed of Georgetown jetties but none landed.

FLORIDA: Muskegon Lake near St. Augustine was producing larges to 20 pounds last week on isolated section. But Edward Van Horn of Tampa did his largest fishing last week from bank south of city's municipal hospital, starting red mullet in Hollister Creek, after 10 minutes all five caught and he caught 10, explained he had lost several others.

PACIFIC SHORE: CALIFORNIA: Last week's heavy weather along coast had good effects are good, with some fish catches of others reported off French Creek, Brown's Bay, April from Cape Mendocino, Point Harbor and many other areas. All five caught and he caught 10, explained he had lost several others.

PACIFIC SHORE: CALIFORNIA: Bay area is crowded with easy limits to 100 lbs. but big catches to private and charter boats. Hamhead Bay is hot with muskies and trappers in bay and outside taking salmon to 20 pounds. Part heavy seen good and **OG**.



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148



PULLING THE LONGBOW

Four million Americans are doing it as archery becomes the nation's fastest growing family sport

by REGINALD WELLS



TYPICAL OF THE WOODS HUNTERS WHO YEARLY



ANN MARSTON, the National Women's Free Style Field Archery champion, is the sport's top bowster since Robin Hood. Like many bowmen she wears a Sherwood hat.

WITH effortless ease, blue-eyed, 16-year-old Ann Fenelope Marston, a blonde, 115-pound senior from Roosevelt High School in Wyandotte, Mich., arched her bow against its 25-pound pull, slowly took aim over the slim metal shaft of her broadhead arrow and, with breath held, sent it twanging toward a simulated rabbit target.

The moment the shaft left her hand she knew it was over. After three days of tough national competition in which she shot 482 arrows at 168 different targets in the field, hunter and broadhead divisions, Ann had racked up a total point score of 2,080—280 more than her closest competitor—and retained her National Women's Free Style Field Archery Championship crown. For a national champion who first won this imposing title at the precocious age of 15, pert and pretty Ann takes a casual approach to her sport. Prior to joining 380 other field archers last week at Ludington State

Park, Mich. in the largest national championships ever held, Ann had put in only about a week of concentrated practice.

But from the time she first started pulling a bowstring she has been taking archery championships with ease. Ever since she persuaded her father to cut down an old bow for her, at a time when the family was living in the quarters of the Royal Toxophilite Society in London after being bombed out four times during the war, Ann has had winning ways with a bow.

Three months after first touching one she won the Junior Champion title of England, and in the same month that she arrived in the United States in 1948 she entered and won the Cadet Division of the U.S. National Championships. Since then Ann has held at least one U.S. national championship every year. So far her record includes: National Target Intermediate Girls' Championship (1943, 1950), National



TAKING AN ARCHERY LICENSE IS ALBERT VAN DER KOEL OF NEW YORK, WHO PREFERS TO WEAR CAMOUFLAGE GEAR FOR BOW AND ARROW HUNTING.

Target Girls' Championship, 1951, and the National Junior Field Championship, 1952, 1953. The sport of archery couldn't wish for a prettier or more talented walking advertisement, and it is conceded that Ann is the biggest promoter of her sport.

Last year she spent long time and at the age of 11 entered the women's classes of both the National Field and National Target championships. She finished fifth in target and first in the field event. With her supremacy in the field now established, Ann is entering the National Target Championships at Oxford, Ohio next week in an attempt to capture both title crowns.

The urge to shoot bows and arrows has been with man for some 100,000 years. In modern times it begins and ends for many people in childhood with a dime store auction-rip type of bow-and-arrow set and nothing better

to shoot at than the neighbor's cat or the bathroom mirror.

Today an estimated 3 million men, women and children participate in some form of archery, and because it can be enjoyed by young individuals, it is becoming America's fastest-growing family sport. At least three-fourths of our population has at some time been a "plinker" with the bow and arrow, but the history of archery as a bona fide sport in the U.S. goes back to 1828 when a group of young men founded the United Bowmen of Philadelphia. For almost a century, archery remained the esoteric pursuit of a few enthusiasts. Then Dr. Saxon Pope, a big-game hunter from California, killed a slew of African lions with a longbow. This feat ignited the imaginations of sportsmen everywhere and set archery on an upward flight of popularity that hasn't yet reached its zenith.

Archers in the U.S. today can be

broken down into three groups: target archers, represented by the National Archery Association; field archers, represented by the National Field Archery Association and by the growing herds of hunters who seek game with the bow; and the "plinkers," an uncountable number of people who partake in no organized form of archery but who plink with anything from a dime store bow and arrow to handmade equipment.

Since 1879 the National Archery Association has been the backbone of the sport. It recognizes only the target variety, which requires rigid rules of stance, distance and form. Target archery, however, never fully captured the imaginations of sportsmen and hunters in general as it did specialists, and today there are only about 260 NAA-affiliated target clubs in the country representing some 1,300 members. But in 1934 a band of target archers, tired

(continued on next page)

PULLING THE LONGBOW

continued from page 49

of restrictions, came up with the idea of setting out simulated game targets at varying distances in the natural surroundings of woodland. The new form was called field archery, and it immediately caught the public's fancy.

The first club to adopt such a field routine was in Redlands, Calif. Others soon followed suit and, before long, field archery was an established new sport. It is this form of archery which is currently responsible for a great reawakening and rapidly growing interest in the bow and arrow.

Unlike target archery, field archery demands little attention to formal shooting style. Largely because of this,

it has its basic appeal to the beginning archer. The Bowman is expected to use whatever method is best suited to himself, the terrain and target. This sort of attitude naturally resulted in some differences of opinion with the traditionalist target archers and it was generally agreed that field archery, in order to develop and promote a shooting style, largely instinctive, that was entirely different from target archery, would be organized under its own NAA restrictive rules. Thus in 1969 the National Field Archery Association was born. It has never looked back since.

Today, with 15,940 members belonging to 1,200 affiliated clubs, the NFAA is the largest archery organization in the country. The total number of organized field archers is estimated to be

70,000. Marking this huge army of erstwhile modern-day Robin Hoods are the unrecorded thousands of bow enthusiasts who annually seek game, not prizes, for their skill.

Because most states today have a special season on game for bow only, more and more hunters are turning to archery. Last year 200,000 archery licenses were sold in the U.S. for hunting big game. Michigan led this group with more than 32,000. In addition, some 400,000 people hunted for small game with bow and arrow. Of the total number of hunters last year 15% used bows, and almost 10% of the bow hunters were women. An estimated average of big game killed by bow is compared to other methods is between 1.5% and 2% of the total kill. In Michigan it is 2.6% of the total kill.

Apart from longer hunting seasons, it is the lure of pitting man's inferior senses of smell, sight and hearing against the highly developed senses of the animal which is annually drawing more hunters to the bow. This is marksmanship in its most challenging form. There are no telescopic sights enabling kills at 400 yards. The man who hunts with a bow generally must come within 30 to 50 yards of his prey to cleanly kill his game. To get that close requires the highest development of woodsmanship, an almost complete knowledge of the animal hunted, including habits and idiosyncrasies of the species, and the coordination, stealth and skill to use this knowledge as it applies to the particular circumstances in which he finds the game. The bow hunter who kills a deer must beat the animal at its own game. He must avoid the wind which carries his scent to the animal; he must move so quietly and cautiously that the deer, which can detect the breaking of a twig at a quarter of a mile, does not hear him; he must control his body and raise his bow as smoothly that the animal, which can recognize abrupt movement at one-eighth of a mile, is not alarmed, and then he must shoot accurately and skillfully so that the animal is cleanly killed and not left to wander maimed through the woods. Unquestionably, hunting with the bow calls for a degree of sportsmanship and skill which is more demanding than any other form of hunting.

According to the Michigan Game Commission: "Archers are the most enthusiastic of all hunters, approaching the general theme of hunting much as the ardent dry-fly fisherman treats his trout fishing. They do less damage to game than the average hunter and,

SOME LONGBOW FACTS & FIGURES

TRADE NAME	MANUFACTURER	TYPE	MAX. L.B. PULL	DESCRIPTION
Cub	Boys Archery, Greenwich, Conn.	Recurve	60	Maple raw, 18-19 lbs. back & limb, 100% laminated with high performance.
Deale Longbow	Deale's Archery, Larchmont, N.Y.	Recurve	14, order	Carbon, bow, including heavy 1/2" x 1/2" x 1/2" (3/4" x 1/2" x 1/2") hunting and field blades.
Deale Super-Carb	Deale's Archery, Millington, Iowa	Working recurve	75	Aluminum, completely straight, 18-19 lbs. long, 18-19 lbs. back.
Harrier	Green Archery, Portage, Mich.	Recurve	61	Replaceable aluminum limbs take down design. Smooth action. Good eye.
Harrier	Agony, England	Recurve	62	Tubular steel. Excellent for target; too light for hunting.
Hobbit	Boy Archery, Gillingham, Mich.	Working recurve	100	Same craftsmanship as in Cub. Excellent for target, hunting and partridge.
Indelible Sports	Indelible Sports, Inc., Portland, Ore.	Flat	45	Laminated, top notch in intermediate class. Fine for the beginning archer.
Paul Banquet	Buylon Glass, Minneapolis, Minn.	Working recurve	62	Solid glass, intermediate class, will not snap or shatter.
Ply-Bow Lightning	Spartan Archery, Beacon, New York	Working recurve	40	Fiberglass, waterproof, even handle, uniform eye.
"PBC"	Hoyt Archery, St. Louis, Mo.	Working recurve	65	Parallel glass laminated facing & backing, 18-19 lbs. back, 18-19 lbs. long.
Sharon-Ede	Archery Sales & Service, Chicago, Ill.	Working recurve	65	Solid glass; take down design. Durable.
Tiger	Gusta, Sweden	Ordered & returned	64	Swedish charcoal steel, take-down. Holds most world records. Superior quality bow.
Whit (formerly Eskotto)	Wilson L. White, Larchmont, Calif.	Working recurve	75	Maple and walnut laminated, glass lining and backing. Custom made 18-19 lbs. back.

apparently, get much more enjoyment out of their hunt."

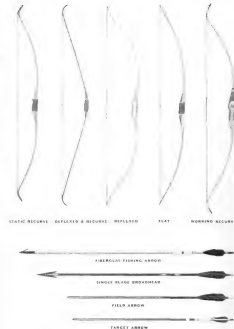
Amazingly enough, there has never been a fatal hunting accident caused by bow and arrow.

But whether it is the pursuit of a Kodiak bear or the just as elusive gold bull's-eye of a straw target, the fascination and thrill of shooting the bow and arrow remain the same.

A wonderful advantage of archery over other sports is that it is one of the least expensive to enjoy. One can become an archer with only a bow, a dozen arrows and an old leather glove. Complete outfits for the beginner can be bought for as little as \$12 and they will serve all but specialized purposes adequately. Obviously, the more an archer demands of his equipment, the further he will extend into higher economic brackets.

The chief error of a novice bowman is a bow too heavy for his pull. The selection of proper tackle in archery is of utmost importance. The bow is always spoken of in terms of pound pull. For example, a 75-pound bow requires a pull equal to 75 pounds to achieve full draw. This is a very heavy bow. For all archery work a 35-pound-pull bow (25-pound pull for women) is sufficient. A 45-pound bow, used properly, will kill most game as cleanly as a 75-pound bow and is the legal minimum weight required in most states for hunting. Bows can cost up to \$80 depending on the material used (wood, metal or glass). Yew, osage and lemonwood are the most common and best for wood bows. All the products of the several large manufacturers of archery equipment in the U.S. are made to high standards, shoot well and are ideal for beginners or for school and club work. Top precision bows are made by custom bowyers. In addition, there is a middle group of bowyers who are between custom work and mass production.

Less expensive equipment can be purchased in any reputable sporting store. Ben Pearson of Pine Bluff, Ark. is one of the largest archery tackle manufacturers in the low-cost category; others are the Robin Hood Company in Montclair, N.J. and the Paul Bunyan Archery Co. in Minneapolis, Minn., makers of the inexpensive but good Seoul. Next to the bow, arrows are most important, particularly their size. To find out what arrow size is correct for you, place the end of the arrow against the armpit, holding the arm straight out at shoulder level. The first joint of the index finger is where the tip should be. This length permits drawing



STANDARD BOW STYLES are illustrated by (from left) Grizzly, Tiger, Cub,

Outdoor Sports and Kodiak, shown here with fishing, hunting, field, target arrows.

to an anchor point under the chin. Some field archers prefer to draw behind the cheek, in which case the arrow should be two inches longer. The cardinal sin in archery is overhanging, so make certain the arrows are right for the bow. A rough rule on this, with flat bow as an example, is: 25-inch arrow, 5-foot bow; 26-inch arrow, 5-foot 4-inch bow; 27-inch arrow, 5-foot 7-inch bow; 28-inch arrow, 5-foot 9-inch bow.

Arrows come in types for fishing, for field, for hunting purposes and for target. They can cost from \$5 to \$30 a dozen depending on the type. Broadhead arrows for hunting run about

\$1.25 each. Besides the target and field courses, many other archery games have developed over the past 10 years, including archery golf, popinjay shooting, "sketchery" and homeback archery—the latter for experts only.

If present trends continue, the sight of the bow and arrow will become more and more familiar on the American sporting scene. The appeal of archery reaches all age groups, and whether it's stalking a deer through the woods or plinking away at a target, the lure of the weapon with which man first conquered the animal kingdom remains the same—irresistible. (U.S.R.)

ARE WE LOSING THE OLYMPIC IDEAL?

by DR. CHARLES A. BUCHER

Yes, says the author, who argues that nationalism, politics and the point scoring system are destroying the spirit of the games

THE OLYMPIC IDEAL is dying. It will not permeate the games next year at Melbourne, Australia unless Americans and the rest of the world demand a change in emphasis. This great international festival is becoming cannon fodder in the cold war, with major stress on national pride, winning, scoring points and beating Russia at all costs. The drive to produce champions and to win is traditional in America and must be preserved. However, in the Olympic Games the emphasis is supposed to be placed on the individual athlete rather than the nation, on making friends rather than making points. As Eddie Eagan, chairman of our National Olympic Finance Committee, says, "The true purpose of the Olympics is to bring about world sportsmanship and good will. It is not an event to bring athletes together in competition to foster nationalism. The Olympic ideal of sports for sports' sake, regardless of race, color or creed, must continue or the Olympics should be cancelled as an international event."

As now conducted, the games are hampering the achievement of international good will. Countries are confusing the winning of sports with national prestige. The honor of the flag is not involved in the winning or losing of a race or game, in the fact that a foreign contestant may finish a tenth of a second ahead of an American in the 100-meter dash. The honor of the flag is involved in the success or failure to promote the brotherhood of man and world peace.

Baron Pierre de Coubertin, the Frenchman responsible for the revival of the Olympic Games in 1896, said: "The important thing is not winning, but taking part; the essential thing in life is not conquering, but fighting well." All nations, large or small, strong or weak, are encouraged to participate, not for the purpose of gaining national honors, but in the spirit of friendly rivalry and respect for the ability of the individual athlete.

These principles represented the Olympic spirit of the Greeks many years before the birth of Christ. Officially recorded as first being held in 776 B.C., the games were held in honor of the god Zeus. The victorious athlete received only a garland of wild olive branches, of no material value but held in the highest esteem. The games were held for the next 1,100 years. Emperor Theodosius I of Rome banned them in 394 A.D., but the Olympic ideal did not die with the decree. Some 1,500 years later de Coubertin brought about its revival. He formed an International Olympic Committee, whose members owed their allegiance in the field of sports to all nations rather than to just their own, to further the ideal and spirit of the games.

In order to insure recognition of the individual athlete, de Coubertin felt strongly that no point score should be used. The point score was purposely disallowed to prevent the larger nations and their hordes of athletes from monopolizing the games by sheer weight of statistics. It was felt that regardless of how many points a large country might tally, a single victory by a lone representative of a smaller country should be considered of equal importance.

But sportswriters at the most recent Olympics in 1962 at Helsinki played up the cold war in sports and used point scores as bait to attract readers. To read the American press, anyone would think the only participants were the Soviet Union and the United States—although 69 nations took part. Newspapers ran such headlines as these:

RUSSIA AND UNITED STATES SET FOR OLYMPIC FIGHT
RUSSIA EXULTS OVER UNITED STATES' DEFEAT IN SOVIET

(continued on page 27)

HOW RUSSIA LOOKS AT SPORTS

When Frank Walsh, Commissioner of Public Relations for the Pacific Association of the A.A.U., decided he would like to have a look at Soviet sports facilities, he found to his surprise that the Russians were extremely eager to have him come. His visa was granted just 45 minutes after he entered the Soviet Embassy in Washington and on his arrival in Moscow he was greeted with flowers and a band merrily tooting *The Star-Spangled Banner*. "Being a Republican and asserting fatal wreaths with funerals I was a bit worried," says Walsh. But the Soviets turned out to be magnificent hosts to their visitor and he saw almost every type of sport practiced in the U.S.S.R. Highly impressed with the sincerity with which Soviet athletes approach their sports, Walsh reports that from what he could see performers in the U.S.S.R. are amateurs who spend all their spare time after working hours or on vacations perfecting their athletic skills. "Although the athletes don't seem politically minded," remarks Walsh, "they are highly nationalistic and play very hard." The Soviet posters and insignia which Walsh brought back and which are shown on the following pages, however, are in themselves impressive proof of the political importance which Soviet authorities place on sports today.



COLORFUL BOW TIE, worn by Walsh of San Francisco State College during his inspection trip of Russian athletic facilities, has hammer and sickle on one side, stars and stripes on the other. Walsh's wife made the tie, just as she has made 5,000 other bow ties for her husband's collection. He reports that the Russian people broke into smiles when they spotted the tie.



CLUB EMBLEMS are pinned on jackets of members, worn on shirts or club flags. Top left belongs to a Ukrainian sport club; top center is Dynamo club which operates tremendous stadium in Moscow; top right is sport club of petroleum workers. Directly below Dynamo pin is important Spanish club.



GLAZED EMBLEM worn by Soviet athletes is presented to each foreign opponent in a 45-minute ceremony just before game begins. National anthems of both countries are always played and flowers presented.

For some recent samples of Soviet sports poster art as the U.S.S.R. bids for Melbourne Olympics, see the following pages.





ЮНОШИ И ДЕВУШКИ, СДАВАЙТЕ НОРМЫ НА ЗНАЧОК ГТО!



IDEALIZED BOY AND GIRLS appear on Soviet sports poster which says: "Young men and women! Fulfill the norms for the G.T.O. badge." The initials stand for

"Ready for Labor and Defense" and badges are awarded for excellence in sports at
by meeting certain athletic standards which have been set up by Soviet officials.

СОВЕТСКАЯ МОЛОДЕЖЬ. ЗАНИМАЙСЯ БОКСОМ!

ДЛЯ НОВЫХ СПОРТИВНЫХ
ПОБЕД
СОВЕРШЕНСТВУЙ
СВОЕ МАСТЕРСТВО!



PIGULISTIC POSTER exclaims: "Soviet youth, take part in boxing. For now
Victory is ours, perfect your mastery." Possible reason for Soviet strength

Its standard interest is boxing is USSR. It takes to make boxing title at the
1952 Olympic Games in Helsinki with USSR. Achieve won the championships.

UNITED STATES CLOSING POINT GAP WITH RUSSIA IN OLYMPIC RACE

The many competing nations used a variety of scoring systems in order to grab an advantage and gain scoring honors. Some systems awarded 10 points for first place, others seven, still others six. The end result was a potpourri of figures adding up to more confusion and ill will.

Actually, as Brutus Hamilton, coach of the 1952 U.S. track and field team, points out, "There is no way to score the overall Olympic results. You can score the individual events, such as track and field, of course, but it seems ridiculous to me to score as many points for the winner of the 135-pound Greco-Roman wrestling bout as for the winner of the men's 1,500-meter run." Yet sportswriters solemnly toted up imaginary "points" not only for the winner but for the first three, four, five or six contestants in everything from the hop, step and jump to the women's shotput.

The fair sex has not been able to escape the pressure to insure an American Olympic victory. Eleanor Metheny, professor of Physical Education at the University of Southern California, is a national leader in women's sports. She says: "In the 1952 Olympic Games, American girls excelled in swimming and diving, and most of them responded with indifference to the scathing comments of some sports-writers about the poor showing made in gymnastics and track and field. Practices which may have value for the women of Russia may not interest girls in the United States, who are—and want to be—essentially feminine human beings."

In addition to forgetting the non-existent "point system," we must keep the games out of politics. Douglas F. Roby of Detroit, vice president of the U.S. Olympic Committee, says that several congressmen have wanted to introduce bills to pay the entire cost of sending our athletes to Melbourne. "We turned them down," Roby says, "because we didn't want our amateur sports to get involved in politics. The money to support these athletes should come freely and spontaneously from the people." Kédré Kégné says: "The reason we appeal for private contributions is because we want the people in the grass roots and in the large cities to feel that they are a part of this great movement. And the U.S. Olympic Committee wants all Americans to give their donations, not for victory, but for the encouragement of sportsmanship."

The armed services are also trying to get their fingers into the pie. The Pentagon is making available to every soldier, sailor and airman who shows promise, the chance of winning a gold medal. This effort has Congressional backing. The 84th Congress passed Public Law 11, which gives the top brass authority to get their athletes in shape. Last September the Department of Defense accented the Olympic effort with an order to provide for contestants who wanted to compete on an international basis. The main objective in the minds of these military men is, apparently, to prove their might and strength in the sports stadium as they do on the field of battle.

Avery Brundage, president of the International Olympic Committee, has warned the armed services that special concentrations of athletes for competitive sports training might jeopardize their amateur standing.

Daniel J. Ferris, secretary-treasurer of the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States, despite widespread criticism, voted for admission of an all-China federation at the International Amateur Athletic Federation meetings recently held in Bern, Switzerland. This would permit both the defenders of Formosa and the Reds to compete in Olympic track and field events. As Ferris said, "I still believe it beneficial to the cause of international friendship to have athletes from all sides of the political fence get together in sports competition."

The Olympic spirit expressed by Brundage, Roby and Ferris has not penetrated the prejudices which cloak many American minds. Some persons do not seem to understand

that our athletes are competing against the boys and girls who are the champions of track and field in Russia—not the leaders in the Kremlin. They have forgotten that in the Olympics, official team championships have purposely been eliminated to encourage every country, regardless of size, to participate.

The Russians may be violating amateur regulations and engaging in over-suspicious athletic promotion to make Americans lose face when they meet down under. There is evidence they are buying their athletes, working them full time and making mockery of the Olympic ideal. But let's not let Russia push us into doing likewise.

Although the nonthinking, flag-waving politicians and journalists in many countries have become involved in the cold war of sports, we can be thankful the athletes on the field have not yet enlisted. At Helsinki, spectators and participants could not understand the incompatibility of the battle raging in the press and the sportsmanship and fair play that were actually expressed throughout the games. Americans can be especially proud that the hate and xenophobia were not reflected by their athletes.

Braven Dyer, writing from Stockholm for the Los Angeles Times, said: "After the fine spirit of sportsmanship which all competitors displayed at Helsinki, I am firmly convinced that the main hope for peace in the world is through athletic competition and not through political channels. . . ."

Dick Hamilton, a University of California student who was wounded in Korea, went to the Olympic Games with anger in his heart. He was greatly impressed by the sportsmanship displayed by contestants. He says:

"In April of 1951 I was wounded while on duty with the U.S. Marine Corps in Korea. So naturally, when the Russians marched on the field I saw an arrogant, hardened group of athletes. At least, that's what I thought I saw.

"But I was sadly mistaken. On the following day, the first day of actual competition, I saw a Russian turn and shake the hand of the American who had just beaten him. As the games progressed this happened not once, not twice, but every time a similar situation arose. There never was any dislike shown by any of the athletes on the field, and I

continued on next page



THE AUTHOR

Dr. Charles A. Becker brings 20 years of experience in school and college athletics to the concept of high sportsmanship which he discusses here. At present an associate professor of education and coordinator of undergraduate and graduate physical education at New York University, he is a widely known speaker, author and consultant in his field.

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OLYMPICS

continued from page 37

never saw a display of poor sportsmanship by anyone."

Russos Hamilton reports: "There was not a single unpleasant incident to mar the competition. We found the Russians to be good sportsmen and their showing, of course, was impressive. In all the six games I have attended as competitor or coach, I have never seen any really bad feelings between the athletes themselves. Such unpleasant incidents as have occurred have arisen largely from the older people who are followers of the teams."

How long can the athletes uphold this fine tradition under the strain of pressures to get the scalps of their opponents?

Our athletes should be encouraged to win, to compete to the very limits of their abilities, but an equally important objective should be to better understand their fellow contestants and the countries they represent.

FOR THE TRUE TRADITION

The Olympic Games next year must reflect their true Greek tradition and ideal. In order to accomplish this, the following I suggest as manta:

1. The *weightless point system* must be eliminated. Scoring points stresses the nation instead of the individual athlete.
2. The *Olympics must not become involved in politics*. Government subsidization should not be allowed.
3. The *games must be strictly amateur*. No professionalism can be tolerated.
4. All Olympic contestants should be *selected by increasing numbers of good youth among the nations of the world* in addition to being champion athletes.
5. *Television, press and publicity* should be awarded for excellence of individual performance, regardless of national origin.

If the people of the United States and the rest of the world will put these principles into practice, the games will take on new significance. The 5,000-odd contestants will march into the great stadiums at Melbourne with the Olympic spirit in their hearts. There will be new meaning in the Olympic oath which they will recite in unison. A greater love of sport will prevail as the Olympic flame is lighted.

As de Coubertin so aptly phrased it, "May joy and fellowship reign and may the Olympic torch pursue its way through the ages, increasing friendly understanding among nations for the good of humanity."



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DOG TELLS ALL

continued from page 47

houses rising up from the river bank just like old times. Pretty.

During the trip I learned a few things which might be of interest to humans.

1: Smells. The best smell on the Hudson comes from dead. These come upstream in the spring and then down the bushes along the river bank as the water drops. The fish oil is a high type and all a dog has to do is jump into any bush and thrash around.

2: Looks. Don't let these intimidate you. Each has a fall, either at its entrance or exit, but none of the falls are more than 20 feet high. The Word says, "Don't bother with mooring lines—just hang on to the ladders." We almost left Roddy on the rungs at Fort Miller.

3: Buoy. Never trifle with them. Always steer from a red or white buoy to one of the opposite color. Mus Mus didn't. What happened when we plowed the fertile New York soil with a brenne plowshare would have looked fine in summer stock. Mus Mus fell tearfully around The Word's neck; the boys embraced, wailing; I knuckled over the coffee pot with my tail. We all felt wonderful afterward and the two days we spent on Harry Carney's were were full of fresh eggs and rare people. I bit the local collie.

4: Biggies boats. Biggies boats love canals. When they see you coming, they swing out into the middle and snarl on speed. Don't hedge; biggies boats are on constant and their owners are nervous. They get back at you, though, when they step for the night. They love to run at full throttle with the brass wake pling up behind them. This has an interesting effect on meered boats. They jump right out of the water.

The farther we got up the lake (without sinking, that is), the more reassured I became. After a time, I'd only open one eye. But as it turned out, my tail should have been tingling all the time, for the lake had a watery surprise for us.

We had been told that Willboro Bay, nine miles due north of Essex, was a fine spot to stay overnight. We got there on a warm, still afternoon, and The Word, in an unusual display of seamanship, dropped a stern anchor and then, ransing on till he was practically ashore, dropped his bow anchor and snarled off between them. Brilliant.

By 9 o'clock everyone was asleep with me snuggled down against the boys until I was discovered and thrown

out. But around midnight a lovely storm broke. The wind shrieked around us, and the waves began to take the length of that four-mile bay and slam up against our stern. I went into the cabin and clinked on The Word's elbow. He got up. It was, indeed, time for manpayers.

What The Word proposed to do was simple. He was just going to snarl, anchor, and be blown into the wind. Only trouble was the wind was by then blowing 25 miles an hour, the rain fell like hail and it was black night. He did it though; we got turned around. As we were going ahead, however, the stern anchor line got wrapped around Mus Mus's leg while she was paying it out. I thought we'd seen the last of her, but The Word put the boat in full reverse just as she was disappearing over the transom. Then the forward anchor began to drag. The Word thought himself of a concrete-filled oil drum he had seen earlier. He headed for it. It was the sort of thing you can only admire from a distance. I knew this wood and steel were a poor mixture, and the thought suddenly hit The Word. He began shouting a lot of orders including one to cast off the stern anchor line. Mus Mus thereupon reached out with the boat hook and snappd onto the drum. The bow anchor suddenly bit in, and there we were, standing first on one end and then the other, but safe at last. The Word muttered about that boat hook until dawn. Mus Mus wouldn't talk and who would listen to me?

With daylight, we decided to get out fast—the wind was rising and the waves were four and a half feet high.

It was just like being hit over the muzzle with a bag full of brick. But there was nothing to that happened once in the lake. Champlain is deepest on Willboro Bay—100 and some feet—and as soon as we were right out in the middle, the wind snappd up to 30 miles an hour. We'd hit those waves, and it snarled like crates tumbling up. The boys tumbled out of their bunks and all the dishes fell on the floor.

NO HERO HE

That was the end for me. I crawled under a bunk and howled a little (I admit it) and my heart began to sound like a one-cylinder motorcycle. But you know, I thought: Neptune, you'll be just as dead scared to death as drowned to death. So I crawled out and went out to sit on the stern seat, and there I stayed. We fought it all that morning, spray flying right over the top of the boat, the foredeck bailed in green water, and finally got in safe behind the Huntington jetty. When somebody waved from a steamer that had been out too, I was the only one with enough voice to answer, but you bet I answered for all.

Well, after that snuggled down in a slip and swept up the glass, I went for a stroll and ran into one of the mean dogs—undrunk type.

"Was that paw out in that?" he says, the wind blowing his whiskers back. I says sure.

"No life raft or nothin'?" he said.

"Look," I snarled, curly-lipped—and then all of a sudden I had said it: "They don't need any life rafts with me." And with that I hoists my tail and snarled like a rock. "Neptune, snarling four persons," and then I rolls off down the dock, a full-fledged, man-saving Chesapeake at last. **END**



"Anger in the boat!"

"Anger in the boat!"

RETURN OF THE JONES BOY

(continued from page 17)

he was ready for bigger races. He set down on paper the design for what was to become the *Slo-Mo IV*.

Now all he needed was a builder, and he got one in Stan Sayres, to whom he had introduced himself on Lake Washington one day in the early 40's. Together they brought forth *Slo-Mo III*, a shavel-nosed boat that Sayres says was wild as a Marek hare. But she managed an unofficial 96 mph. From there it was a natural step to the first

Detroit star driver. I wheeled Welsh again and he really let me have it back. All of Detroit saw it on television, how auto-chaps are gonna!

At this point, Sayres himself was still happy, and lyric in his praise, not only of Designer Jones, but also of Race Driver Jones. "His technique," says Sayres, "is perfect. His is sound, fearless and careful, all at the same time. His reactions are instantaneous, his coordination perfect." Forthwith, he

that went with *Slo-Mo IV*. By the terms of the agreement, Jones got a flat fee of \$5,000 for his plans, plus \$100 per month while working on the *V* at Jensen's. This arrangement seems to have made Jones feel too much like a hired hand, and not enough like the man behind the boat. Nonetheless, the trio managed to hold together long enough to see *Slo-Mo V* win the 1951 Gold Cup. But a few months later Jones left Sayres to take a \$1,000-a-month traveling job with Carl Kiekhafer, president of the company that makes Mercury outboard motors.

The city of Seattle, cherishing her Gold Cup, was horrified at his parting; and Jones got at least one screaming headline. "Departure of Jones Perils Cup Races Here," blared one Seattle paper. One of the Detroit entries, however, was a little calmer about it. "A guy like Jones doesn't drop out of race-boat work," he said. "That would be like having Edison dropped out of the history of electricity."

He was right. During these years, Jones improved the bars of Detroit contenders like *Sack Coast III* and *Sack Coast V*, and the *Gale IV* and *V*. He also designed from scratch a brand new Gold Cupper, *Rebel*, for J. Philip Murphy, a California contractor. A year ago Jones finally stopped kidding himself and came back into the Gold Cup field in earnest when Kim Armistead of Mercury suggested that they pool their money and make their own boat.

This was Jones's dish of ten—a boat of moon that might beat the *Slo-Mos*. Besides, Armistead was persuasive. "I got tired of listening," said Jones. "And he said he had a rich aunt."

All during the fall Jones worked on the new boat, to be called *Rebel* Sub, in the boatyard of his old friend Les Staudacher of Kaskawatin, Mich. On a trip back to Seattle in December to pick up a special carburetor for *Rebel* Sub, Jones stumbled on a real gold mine in the person of Willard Rhodes. Mr. Rhodes owns 550 grocery stores in the Northwest and has a strong desire to own the Gold Cup too. Would Jones build him a boat? Jones would.

Before the Staudacher shop that winter, two new boats took shape. *Rebel Sub* promised to be brilliant on the straightaways; portage-capable, says Jones, at 150 mph. The Rhodes boat, called *Blue F* (short for *Freedom*), was everything Jones feels a Gold Cupper should be. "She will get up to high speeds as quickly as *Slo-Mo V*," he says, "but she will retain the stability of the *IV*."



TESTING NEW ENTRY 1951 *Slo-Mo IV*, one of the best boats, will try to challenge Stan Sayres' domination of the Gold Cup, Designer T. J. Jones built near Lake Washington.

of the great Jones-Sayres boats, the *Slo-Mo-Sloa IV*. It was also, unfortunately, only another step into a quiet little cold war.

Ancher Jensen, in whose yard the boat was built, claimed that he spent years dreaming of building just such an unlimited three-point hydro, long before he ever met Jones, and therefore ought to help in the design. This point of view, clashing head-on with Jones's individualism, did not have a happy result.

In spite of the intra-mural squabbling, *Slo-Mo IV* was built. Of Jones's work, Sayres says, "He did a beautiful job."

The first day in the water, she did it by Newberg, she ran 100 mph in 10 months, Sayres had set a new world water speed record of 100 mph. Next stop was Detroit, where the Gold Cup had been held for nearly 100 years and 1949. Jones was in the driver's seat with Crewman Mike Wesson beside him. "After the first turn, I took a quick look around. Where was everybody? I wheeled that old Irishman, Welsh, on the helmet. It was too big for him and it went down around his ears. Mike wheeled me back. Then later, we unwittingly lapped Bill Cantrell,

presented Jones with a brand new Chrysler from the well-stocked Sayres automobile agency. That was the end of the bouquet.

Just before the race Jones and Sayres had entered into a written contract, which granted Jones \$500 for his work, and prevented him from designing boats for Gold Cup rivals. Jones says Sayres wanted it for tax reasons. Sayres says Jones wanted it to give himself final say in all matters of design. Neither one seems to have been very happy with it.

Again, lessening of love did not prevent the uneasy trio from planning bigger and better speedboats. No sooner was the Gold Cup brought safely to Seattle than Sayres and Jones started planning how to keep it there. *Slo-Mo IV* was lockstamped into the world on a straightaway; and she turned fairly well. But if they could get a boat that would accelerate a little faster, turn a little tighter, and hold speed on a straight, Detroit would be a long time getting its cap back. Jones quit Boeing and applied himself full time to the project. The result: *Slo-Mo V*. There was one other result, a second contract, this one verbal but subsequently just as unsettling as the written document

Last week in a doorless hanger on the shore of Lake Washington, where the race will be run off Aug. 7, Jones and a volunteer crew of old friends mostly from Boeing, worked up to 16 hours a day to get the *Rebel* and the *Thrifley* ready. *Thrifley* was performing handsomely. Churning over the lake with the roar of a low-flying airplane and with a tremendous rooster tail of spray whooshing out behind, she worked up to 170 mph in an early trial. Shortly thereafter she damaged her gearbox; but Jones stayed up that night making replacement parts until 3:00 a.m., and *Thrifley* was again ready to go.

ONE-TWO PUNCH

Rebel Suk, with gearbox problems of her own, was slower rounding into shape. If she is ready in time, she will give the Jones camp a red-hot two-boat entry to throw against the deadly one-two punch of Joe Taggart and Lou Pageol, who will be driving the *Mos* and gunning for a sixth straight Gold Cup for Sagres.

Despite his repeated protest that *Rebel* and *Thrifley* are not spite boats, it is obvious that Jones has not come this far to make mere headlines for Stan Sagres. To drive the *Rebel* Suk, if she is ready, he has picked Lt. Col. Russell Schloch, a man with no experience in speedboat races but a background of speed that includes the first coast-to-coast speed record set by a B-47 jet bomber. For *Mos* *Thrifley*, he has chosen 28-year-old Bill Murrecy, who has been driving Gold Cuppers

since 1950. Jones was going to drive *Thrifley* himself, but changed his mind after tests: "The people I used to be able to see on shore when I was a young driver," he says, "now look like a blur. It's a job for kids—say 28 to 35. You have to be able to enter a turn at 130—and in a split second know whether to go inside or outside. And you have to know the length of a rooster tail. All you see in front of you is a ball of watery fuss, with no idea whether it's inches or a city block away from the boat that's throwing it."

In or out of the race, however, Jones, the old driver, is a keen student of rival tactics. "Pageol turns wide, but Joe Taggart shaves that buoy and can slide out if necessary to protect Pageol. Usually Taggart is a couple of seconds faster than Pageol on the straights, but he comes out of the turns more slowly."

Clearly, Jones is aiming at Sagres. But intent as he may be on beating his old boss, Jones's voice always becomes more animated when he speaks of his two greatest creations, the *Slo Mos* IV and V. Here at Lake Washington, he is working far into the night to be sure that when this year's Gold Cup is over, people will be talking about Ted Jones. Through it all, however, there is a feeling that he really ought to be well connected with the *Slo Mos*. But he is not, and no one knows it better than Ted Jones. Even with his divided emotions, he still can take comfort from one thought: no matter who comes over the line first at Seattle this week, some part of Ted Jones is almost sure to win the Gold Cup. (E.R.R.)



"I understand it's quite a difficult course."

You Never Tasted Beer Like Heineken's Beer



Heineken's

Imported from Holland

Van Munching & Co., Inc., New York 16, N.Y.

New DEODORANT for ACTIVE MEN

Gives You 24-Hour Protection

It works for hours and hours! The new Seaforth Deodorant—made especially for active men—gives you all day and all night protection, even in the hottest, stickiest weather. It contains a special super-effective odor neutralizer that gives you 24-hour protection. That's the Seaforth Stick Deodorant. There's Seaforth Spray Deodorant, too. At all good drug counters.



Seaforth!

DEODORANT
For Active Men

THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME

In June 1899 my Grandpa, with an enthusiasm he soon lost, built a scow and took us boys on a river cruise. Poison ivy and rattlers in shore camp didn't bother us, but he gave up after stepping on a rusty nail

by WALT SIDLEY



WITH VETERAN FISHERMAN GRANDPA AT THE HELM

CALCULATIONS

On big scow
1. 1000000
2. 1000000
3. 1000000
4. 1000000
5. 1000000
6. 1000000
7. 1000000
8. 1000000
9. 1000000
10. 1000000

On smaller scow
1. 100000
2. 100000
3. 100000
4. 100000
5. 100000
6. 100000
7. 100000
8. 100000
9. 100000
10. 100000

1000000 for boat
1000000 for materials
1000000 for paint
1000000 for hardware
1000000 for food
1000000 for other things

GRANDPA HARDY figured out at \$1.85 a boy, said, "I had better be taken along."

MY grandfather was not a novice in boatcraft; for he had built and operated his own keelboat in freight service on the St. Joseph River between South Bend, Ind. and Niles, Mich., in the '70s. He loved the river and spent a lot of time on it after he retired; taught us kids how to make log catamarans, raft shacks and even flat-bottom canoes, and finally came up with the idea of building a big scow and taking 10 of us down the St. Joe to Lake Michigan, a 75-mile cruise. Our parents welcomed the prospect of getting us out of their hair for a couple of weeks, and they had full confidence in grandfather.

Each of us chipped in a dollar for the boat material (one boy later dropped out), which was to be a 22-foot scow, 5 feet wide. (Ten dollars today might buy the paint and hardware.)

A man needs only a meager acquaintance with ordinary tools to build a first-class boat these days, anything

from a kayak to a salt-water cruiser. He buys a kit, moves the car out of the garage, spreads out the plans and gets to work. Fifty years ago it was a laborious task to build anything that would float with a payload. One had to have considerable savvy, too.

Gramp had the lumber hauled to a flat at the water's edge and began construction on a couple of sawhorses. Sides were 2 inches by 12 inches and bottom boards 1-inch-by-4-inch pine installed crosswise, edges beveled to form a V-joint. Oakum was packed into this with a homemade, hardwood calking chisel and hot tar poured over it, a tedious job not speeded up any by us kids trying to help. A 2-inch-by-4-inch keel was set and the scow was turned over for the installation of end-decks and boards were secured on the gunwales for seats. No screws; only nails and spiles were used throughout. It was no swanlike gondola but it looked mighty good to us as it slid into the



STREET BOYS IN ST. JOSEPH HAVE BOUGHT FOR DRY EMBARKED ON DREAMY ADVENTURE FLOATING DOWN THE ST. JOE IN TRUITY BOON "ELOTUNE"

water and floated with 10 inches of freeboard. A long pole and pair of oars completed the equipment.

On a glorious morning in June we shoved off, forward deck piled high with tent, blankets, canned goods and gear. Parents and neighbors waved us bon voyage and father took snapshots on glass plates in a primitive box camera, one of them shown here.

We floated lazily with the current, Gramp poling through slack water. We watched the herons rise in leisurely flight and saw the surprised turtles slide off logs as we came round the bends. We trailed for bass as we passed over their spawning beds, catching more than we could eat on soft shell crayfish and hellgrammites, which looked like aquatic scorpions. The old St. Joe was an Idak Walton paradise before industrial waste had polluted the water. In fact, before the dams were put in, many sturgeon up to 100 pounds were caught and one commer-

cial fisherman actually built a corral of saplings in the water to keep his catch until marketing them.

A week's camp was set up on Batchelor Island where we swam, shot "muskrats" with a .22 Flinbeist rifle, ate prodigious quantities of bread and jam between meals and dug for arrowheads. Found 'em, too.

One night in a terrific thunderstorm lightning struck a tree nearby and our tent blew down. There was a frantic hassle in the dark under that wet canvas. 10 scared youngsters rolling around over fishing tackle, lanterns, groceries—including two dozen eggs we'd just got that day from a farmer. Gramp thought he'd been smart to sleep in an abandoned fisherman's hut, but in the morning his eyes were nearly swollen shut from insect bites.

Normally he was of placid disposition but this was the turning point. For a week he'd been trying to keep a bunch of 10-year-old Comanches out

of trouble and the strain was beginning to tell. Of course all of us could swim but there were the hazards of broken arms, poison ivy, rattlers, or a carelessly aimed rifle or hatchet. Gramp even got chopped on the nose when one of the boys swung a club to kill a snake. Not long after, he stepped on a rusty nail and an infection set in, so there was nothing to do but for him to go home for treatment.

Rather than abandon the expedition an 18-year-old boy, Bob Campbell, was put in charge and he proved a competent skipper. We continued on down to Lake Michigan without untoward incident and after considerable haggling with a bearded old boatman, Bob sold the canoe for \$1. What did we do with all that money before starting home on the train? Filled up to the neck with chocolate ice cream sodas, naturally. They were only 3¢ in St. Joseph, Mich. and a welcome change from a fish diet. (E.E.B.)

HE IS THE GREATEST

Sir:

Your August 1 issue has changed me from a charter subscriber to a lifetime subscriber to *SI*. Reason: simple—your wonderful covered *Constitution* Pinckney Ted Williams by Joan Flynn Dreyfus, and a tremendous, wonderfully written article it was. The July 25 article on Pinky Higgins and Ted was terrific. I disagree only on one point: Williams is second to no one. He is the greatest. I guarantee your article on Williams will up your circulation by thousands. Ted is a versatile gentleman: a great pilot, a great fisherman and the greatest ballplayer of any time! I salute *SI* for its courage to print the truth, as Ted's following consists of little guys like myself.

POLICE OFFICER EDWARD LEO KELLY
Philadelphia

LONG, LONG AGO

Sir:

Your story about Pinky Higgins' success with the Red Sox says it is unclear just where his managerial strength lies. He is indeed quiet, patient and slow to express an opinion. May I suggest that he got that after playing under the late Uncle Billy Ditch at the University of Texas, the most successful college coach in the profession?

Uncle Billy, who also was my baseball tutor during the Higgins era (although I didn't make the team), was so well adjusted that his stormiest expression was "My, my, my," and even this was said without raising his voice. His patience with youngsters paid off. Pinky must have learned from him that easy does it.

WALKER WHITE

Macon, Texas

William J. (Uncle Billy) Ditch, described at the time of his death in 1953 as "a baseball perfectionist who insisted on sharp performance on the field, clean language and strict training," had a 30-season record at the University of Texas of 571 wins and 179 losses; his teams won 21 Southwest Conference championships in 26 seasons, and in a spring practice game in 1939 Texas defeated the Philadelphia Phillies 4-1.

Mike Higgins doesn't think he imitated Mr. Ditch's qualities deliberately, but he remembers him with affectionate respect. "Gosh, that was a long time ago," Higgins says. "But Uncle Billy was a real influence—a fine man and a great student of baseball."—ED.

CHERRY AT LAST

Sir:

Having climbed the Matterhorn in July of 1953 and the Matterhorn in August of 1954, I was extremely interested in both the pictures and story of Zermatt and its mighty mountain (*SI*, July 25). However, your writer erred in setting July 13, 1955 as the date of that first successful, though tragic, climbing of the Matterhorn. Mr. Edward Whympre, who led the first party, wrote in

his book *Scrambles Amongst the Alps* that success was finally achieved at 1:48 p.m. on July 14, 1955.

DAVID K. WINDER

Salt Lake City

Reader Winder is right. Whympre and his party left Zermatt early in the morning of July 13, 1955 and reached the summit the next day. He wrote, "At 1:48 p.m. the world was at our feet and the Matterhorn was conquered! Hurrah!"—ED.

REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS SWISS

Sir:

Congratulations for the article about Zermatt in the July 25 issue of *SI*. I was there for three weeks last summer, and the pictures brought back many memories. I particularly enjoyed the picture of the Alpine meadow. We drank tea and had cake at the pavilion in that picture every afternoon as we walked down from Sunnegga.

Could I please be considered for membership in the Happy Knoll Country Club?

CARL LEUBENBERG

Harrison, Maine

CLIMBER'S LAMENT

Sir:

Seeing the Alpine picture of Zermatt and the distant Matterhorn on the cover of *SI*'s July 25 issue prompted me to buy my first copy. The inevitable curiosity of the avid mountain climber for the details of a potential conquest immediately became evident as I plunked down my two bits with great anticipation.

Imagine my surprise and ebullient enthusiasm for *SI* when I read through the article, which must have originally been meant for a travel publication. Any mountaineer thirsting for information on the details of the climb would be hard put to get any solid facts out of the story. Certainly, from a technical standpoint, the photograph and description of Guide Julien's equipment is the best part of the article. Aside from that, the article is better suited for "those who would merely gasp at a mountain from afar rather than ascent."

An one who has done a medium of climbing and someday hopes to have all of Colorado's 33 14,000-foot peaks under his belt, I recommend to Mr. Sutton Guide to Mr. Colorado's Mountain. This book has recently come out in its second edition.

continued on next page



"And now I suppose you want a chance for revenge."

and contains the technical details of ascending all the 14ers.

ROBERT G. SOMMER
Colorado Springs, Colo.

● SI extends its best wishes to Mr. Summers for Peak No. 53. However, *Mountain's* *Howe*, *The Hatcher*, written by SI's travel editor, Horace Sutton, was aimed at those who grip from awe rather than exertion. For a much better record on ascents, see *A Job* by Mr. Maurice St. Aub, 25, *High Himalayas*, *Snapshots*, Sept. 13) and *Tearing Tiger of Everest* (April 25 to May 16). Two mountain climbing stories are coming up on the British conquest of Kanchenjunga by Dr. Charles Evans, leader of the expedition, and one by James Ramsey (climber on the mountains of North America).—ED.

SWAPS: FAMILY HISTORY

SI: Swap, I. Where did he get his terrible name? In your July 15 issue you mention that his sire was an Aga Khan born by the name of Khaleel. What relation to Khaleel to Nasrullah? Was Swap's dam a quarter horse or was she a mother or daughter of Pegasus?

JENNIE R. WALKER
West Tibbory, Mass.

P.S. It seems to fly miles in the Westover at 4 & second off the track toward under a pull that opens his mouth. SI, July 16. nobody will come close to beating him!

● Rex Ellsworth, Swap's owner, considered and rejected a long series of names for his colt. Finally, tired of "swapping" names, he decided the best solution would be to call him Swap.

Though Khaleel and Nasrullah were both bred by the Aga Khan, they are not very closely related. Their nearest common ancestor was The Yacht, a great-grand sire of both horses. He sired both Nasrullah's granddam, Muntaz Mahal, and Khaleel's grand-sire, Ethnarch.

Swap's dam is from Reward, a three-year-old who raced in England at 2 and 3 years. She is a granddaughter of War Admiral, winner of the Kentucky Derby in 1937.—ED.

ITALIAN STARLET, GERMAN TROUT

SI: Concerning your July 23 picture of "Kick Douglas, a Trout and a Starlet," I am not acquainted with Kick or the starlet but I do seem to recognize the trout and I believe it is a German brown and not a rainbow as you state. There are many names for trout in the United States, but I do not believe that the one in your picture would be a rainbow anywhere.

HARVEY WALKER
Plainfield, Wis.

● SI's researcher was seeing rainbows because he had starlets in his eyes. Mr. Walker and 48 other readers are right—the trout is a German brown.—ED.

REAL SPORTSMANSHIP

SI: Many of us who watched the Western Open Golf Tournament in Portland, Ore., the end of June think that Julius Boreo should have a little recognition for being such a fine sportsman. During one day's play his ball went close to the pin and his caddy was out of the pen, and with a loud and unpleasant shout he came back to the hole to take out the pin. The caddy, in error, picked up the ball, which cost Boreo two strokes and \$300 in the tournament. The poor boy cried for many hours, although Boreo consoled him. The Portland Club offered to change the penalty, but Boreo wouldn't allow it and kept him for the balance of the week, and as soon as he came into the clubhouse he called the club's agents and told them if that was the only mistake they had ever made they would never have any worries. Don't you think that's real sportsmanship, considering that golf is Boreo's living? He got nothing but praise for the balance of the week. I was just a spectator, but one of the golfers told me about the phone call.

HOWARD WICKLUND

Salon, Ore.

● A well-deserved Pat on the Back to Sportsman Boreo from SI's editors—and thanks to Mr. Wicklund.—ED.

SID'S LITTLE GIRL

SI: I have enjoyed reading your magazine for the last year. I am a charter subscriber, and SI has answered my prayers of many years for a magazine devoted to all fields of sport, both indoor and outdoor.

SI's July 23 tournament was covered by pictures of athletic hall-fayers. I believe the man on page 62, lower left-hand corner, Sid Farrar, was the father of Geraldine Farrar, the opera singer. Am I right or wrong?

If you have any good word left to the Happy Knoll Country Club do you suppose I could have one? Have enjoyed the letter very much and hope that they continue for a long time.

EDWIN MCKENNEY

Lexington, Mass.

● Right. Soprano Geraldine Farrar is indeed the daughter of the late Sid Farrar, sometime first baseman for the old Phillies. Mr. Farrar kept a men's furnishings store in Melrose, Mass., which he sold in order to help finance his daughter's studies in Berlin. He died in 1935; Miss Farrar lives in Ridgefield, Conn.—ED.

EYEBALL WITNESS

SI: Some sports writer, using the old-fashioned phrase "J. P. Marquand" in your issue of July 23, took occasion to have a certain Mrs. Grifley defend the character of a youth in the picture in question as quite clear which was intended of the Queen City of the Sound. I quote: "Brevin, she says, was pushed into the swimming pool by a young man from New Rochelle who should not have been at the party at all."

Fish tuck. Mr. Marquand. If you want to imply that New Rochelle people are not good enough to attend parties at the Happy

Knoll Country Club, I can attribute such shocking lack of discrimination only to the well-known venousness of Rock Bay, a geographic location which has given rise to the verb "backbite" from Rock-Highness bight being a sort of bay.

The fact is, Mr. Marquand, the writer happens to have been present at Happy Knoll on the very occasion described in your story, and I can assure you that the young man in question did not come from New Rochelle at all. He came from Philadelphia, and is a member of the junior class at Harvard College.

ARTHUR J. MORRAN
New Rochelle, N.Y.

MOTLEY CROWD?

SI: I notice that the outrageous damage caused by the Happy Knoll board, and even was perpetrated SI, July 22 by "gossip, and was to belong to Happy Knoll." I have not the slightest doubt that this was one of the most just cases of that motley 19th Hole crowd to whom SI and the Board of Governors have been making great early and late morning phone calls. Meanwhile, I have a good card, please! My behavior at coming-out parties is exemplary and I'll even keep an eye on that new element you've carelessly let slip in.

GORDON ALLENBERG

Teaneck, Kan.

MR. FIXIT

SI: Perhaps it might be wise to tell Roger Harlick, member of the governing board of the Happy Knoll Country Club, to suggest to Albert Magill, President Emeritus, that the Wagon Law Service Company, an outfit and lawn-care organization in my town, be employed to repair the damage which occurred during Al's Harlick's sick party to the 19th Hole, 19th and 19th greens. This should be attended to immediately, so that as Godfrey "P" Haddock can be killed decent.

JOHN C. HICK JR.

Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass.

IF I WERE MR. BLEDSOE . . .

SI: I like J. P. Marquand's Happy Knoll articles very much and wish you would keep them going a long time. However, I thought that he was going too far in asking Mr. Bledsoe, the father of the young girl who had that free-for-all party at the club, to pay for all that damage. It seems to me that the Board of Governors is forever trying to make themselves out to be really responsible for. If I were Mr. Bledsoe I would certainly not pay, especially for the oriental rug that someone cut to pieces, and I would tell the Board of Governors to tell old Ned at the bar to buy a pair of glasses if he wants any more drinks made up by Dwight D. Eisenhower, Douglas MacArthur, or other well-known people. After all, didn't they say in their letter to a new member that Happy Knoll parties for young people were carefully supervised? If I were Mr. Bledsoe, I would start looking into the Hard Hollow Country Club, even though its parking lot is somewhat secluded.

JOHN GORDONHART

Chicago

JUNIOR MEMBER

Sir:

I have others have received guest cards to Happy Knoll Country Club, but since I am only 18 I am not eligible for the regular card. So considering Happy Knoll's love of the younger generation, may I be the first to request a junior guest card to Happy Knoll?

DAVE PETERSEN

Evansville, IN.

■ As John P. Marquand said (SI, July 24), "Happy Knoll should have the accent of youth and would indeed be a sad place without it." SI is happy to send Mr. Petersen a card.—ED.

MY ONE AND ONLY CHOICE

Sir:

MY BUSINESS MAKES IT IMPERATIVE I JOIN A COUNTRY CLUB. HAPPY KNOLL IS MY CHOICE. ONLY ONE I CAN AFFORD. PLEASE SEND MEMBERSHIP CARD.

BENK ALBO

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

■ Mr. Albo is the 68th applicant to be added to Happy Knoll's growing guest membership.—ED.

A LONG LIFE AND A COOL ONE

Sir:

I do not agree with the opinions expressed by some of the ballplayers that night baseball shortens their careers as players (Hornet, July 24). It has been proven that night baseball lengthens a man's playing career. The hot summer weather in cities like Washington, Cincinnati, Kansas City, etc. is pretty tough on the ballplayers during the peak-of-the-hour daytime hours.

Furthermore, night baseball gives more fans the opportunity to see the games, because it takes place after normal working hours. You will remember that President Roosevelt, during World War II, recommended that we play some night baseball, to give the white-collar workers a chance to witness some games. Washington is definitely a white-collar city, and day baseball here would not meet with the workers' conventions.

Reports will also point out to you that night baseball outdoes day baseball two to one.

CLARK C. CRUFT

President
Washington "Senators"

Washington, D.C.

YES, BASEBALL IS KING

Sir:

After reading Robert Creamer's report of the All-Star Game in Milwaukee (SI, July 24) I wondered whether Mr. Creamer actually was in the "city," as he calls it. If he was, he wasn't quite as observant as he could have been. Milwaukeeans, if I may dispute him, do not look kindly in regard to the Braves. They are indeed fond of them. I grant him that, but they are fondly fond of them.

I must agree with him also when he says that "everywhere you go people talk baseball." They do, in fact, that is the main. If not the only, topic of conversation Milwaukeeans are capable of sustaining intelligently for any length of time. I ought to know. I lived in Milwaukee, much to

my chagrin, for nine months—from September, 1964 through June of this year.

I saw a reception for the Braves at a railroad depot in Milwaukee early in the season when they returned to the town after a many-game losing streak on the road. It was at that time that some baseball columnists were saying that Milwaukee was finally becoming a major league town because the people were beginning to realize that their Braves weren't the all-mighty and all-perfect Spartans that they thought they were. People waved homemade "Welcome Home" signs high in the air and jumped up and down with glee as the players got off the train. One woman started to sing *Mail, Mail, The Gals' All Move* as she ran to get a close look at her heroes. When it was learned that a few of the players and Manager Grimm were driving in and would not be seen that night, I noticed two women turn away with tears in their eyes.

This same type of rabid fan can be found anywhere and everywhere in Milwaukee: on the flag-bedecked buses which run up and down Wisconsin Avenue on game days; in stores, on street corners and at the park itself. The traffic cop on duty knows the score, the inning and the pitchers. The

druggist may seldom see a game, but he knows the batting average of each player and how many hits he got in yesterday's game.

This may sound as if I am a baseball-hater, I'm not: I enjoy the game as much as the next guy. I like to go out to the ball park and cheer as long as anyone and talk the game over afterwards. What I'm trying to point out is the fact that the people in Milwaukee have only one other interest in life besides beer. I can't help but wonder, though, what they lived for before the Braves got to Milwaukee. I feel sorry for the town if ever they leave; which I doubt they ever will.

Yes, baseball is king in Milwaukee. Each citizen is a humble servant, standing in awe and staring at it with open mouth. The people love their beer and they love their Braves, but, sad to say, more than that no one craves.

LARRY LOHME

Prairie Village, Kan.

■ Bob Creamer was in Milwaukee and it seemed to his sensitive eyes and ears that Milwaukeeans were more knowing than foolish.—ED.

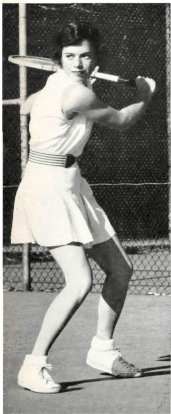


"Heavy day it was the same thing: 'What do you mean, safe—he was out a mile.' 'You want be blind—that was a ball.' 'That ball carried fast—you want glasses.' So fast for the back of it I had my eyes examined."

PAT ON THE BACK

MRS. PHYLLIS PERKINS

Pert Phyllis Perkins, 21 (right), began running in earnest when she left school at 15. Today the long-striding housewife from Horschbach, Essex has become one of Britain's top distance stars. A former cross-country champion, Phyllis currently holds the national mile and two-mile titles.



MARY ANN MITCHELL

Pretty Mary Ann Mitchell of San Leandro, Calif. vowed when she got her first tennis racket seven years ago that she would become national champion. Now 16, Mary Ann, an A student and accomplished pianist, took her first big step by winning the national junior girls' hard-court title.



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